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TRIUMPH OF FAITH:

OR

MEMOIR

OF

MISS NANCY M. CLARK,

DESTINED ON A MISSION TO WESTERN ASIA, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and revised by the Committee of Publication.

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INTRODUCTION.

It was not until frequently solicited by those who were acquainted with the character of the deceased subject of this Memoir, that the writer was induced to prepare the following sketch for the public. But believing that the *materials* for a valuable volume were not wanting, and that all that is valuable in the life and death of the children of God should be regarded as the property of the church, he at length undertook the work; hoping and praying that it may prove an acceptable acquisition to the cause of truth, an incentive to greater devotedness in Christians, and a timely admonition to sinners yet impenitent to repent and make their peace with God. It is hoped,

also, that the publication of the Memoir may contribute in some small degree, at least, to awaken still greater interest in the particular cause of foreign missions, to which Miss Clark had devoted her life.

The remarks in the fourth chapter are such as were made by Miss Clark from time to time, during the progress of her sickness, and in the near prospect of death; and are given, throughout, just as they fell from her dying lips, with only here and there an additional remark interspersed. Expressions of joy, and even assurance, in reference to a glorious immortality, are often fallacious. But where the previous life has been a constant "walk with God," the testimonies that come from the triumphant death-bed are precious and cheering; and of this kind is the testimony here presented. It is a voice from the skies addressed to us individually, "Be ye also ready."

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage—Her mother's death and influence—Education under the care of her father—Early religious impressions—Conversion, and profession of religion—General character—Character of her piety—State of her mind in sickness, and her devotion of herself to the business of instruction—Her character as a scholar.

The subject of this Memoir, Miss Nancy M. Clark, was the daughter of John Clark, Esq., of Derry, N. H., where she was born, Sept. 12th, 1811. Her mother, Mrs. Sarah Clark, who was no less distinguished for sweetness of disposition than for elevated, consistent piety, died before Nancy had attained her seventh year.

The death of an intelligent, pious mother is a great loss to young children, especially daughters. But though the daughter, in

this instance, was deprived thus early of one of the best of mothers, yet an impression had been made upon her by her mother, young as she was, which could never afterwards be effaced.

After the death of her mother, her education devolved upon her father, who gave it the most careful attention, till her character was formed, and she was prepared for the active duties of life. With him it was ever a principal object to instruct his children in the duties and precepts of religion, and to direct them to the Saviour for pardon and eternal life.

Blessed with this faithful parental instruction, and the privileges of the Sabbath school, of which she early became a member, Miss Clark always entertained the highest respect for vital piety, and was early the subject of many religious impressions. At the age of fourteen, she was brought, as she humbly hoped, to make an unreserved surrender of herself to God, and cordially to embrace the offered salvation of the gospel, through a crucified Saviour.

She seemed from the first to possess full confidence that she had given herself away entirely to God, and that the Saviour was her friend. Soon after this happy change in her feelings, by which, as she hoped, she became a child of God, she made a public profession of her faith in the Redeemer, and united with his church in her native place.

"At that early period,"—says her pastor, in the sermon preached at her funeral,—"and during her subsequent life, she gave to all acquainted with her the most pleasing evidence of deep and ardent piety." Her uniform deportment, even from childhood, was worthy of the imitation of riper years, while her winning manners secured the love and esteem of all her acquaintances, insomuch that it has been frequently said, in the hearing of the writer, that she "lived and died without an enemy."

Her disposition was naturally amiable. Even before her conversion, her surviving parent remembers, with lively interest, that he never had occasion to punish, and rarely

if ever to reprove her. But what was naturally thus amiable, was rendered still more so by the all-pervading influence of the spirit of Christ. Though naturally retiring, yet she constantly sought opportunities for doing good. In the language of the sermon preached at her funeral, "She was one, of whom it may be said, that entire devotedness to the Redeemer, humility, meekness, prudence and ardent love for souls, formed her character and deportment."

While yet in early youth, Miss Clark was once and again brought apparently to the very gates of death, by sickness. And of her state of mind in these circumstances, her pastor remarks, "Her hope, her confidence in her Redeemer, her submission to the divine will remained unshaken. Her faith, when thus tried," he continues, "proved as gold that is tried in the fire. Being raised to health, she felt a strong desire to do something to promote the glory of God. For this purpose, she became qualified, and devoted herself to the

business of instruction, in which, both in the primary school and in the more important institution for the education of young ladies, she was highly and deservedly esteemed."

Her attainments as a scholar were of a high order. With a mind naturally discriminating, and trained to habits of close application, she excelled in every branch of study to which she directed her attention. She was not satisfied with mere superficial attainments; and it deserves to be noticed, as a remarkable trait in the character of her mind and mental habits, that she delighted in thorough investigation; so much so, that she rarely laid aside an author she attempted to read, without having fully possessed herself of his views and sentiments.

CHAPTER II.

Destruction of her writings—Extracts from letters—Sickness—Letter of Rev. Mr. Knowles—Farther extracts from her letters—Attention called to the Foreign Mission service—Extract from a letter to her father and sisters—Decision in favor of the missionary service, and engagement with Mr. Hinsdale, then destined to Siam—Giving up of her school, and return to Derry.

Respecting Miss Clark's writings, it is to be regretted that a short time previous to her sickness she carefully collected and destroyed them; so that, from the time she commenced a course of preparation for the business of instruction, till she was engaged as principal of the Female Seminary at Riverhead, Long Island, and indeed until she had left that station to prepare for a still more enlarged field of usefulness, we find but little, among her papers which remain, expressive of her views and feelings. Of this period, we can only say, that the history of her faithful labors and ardent zeal for the glory of God and the good of her fellow-creatures, though lost as to the

record made with pen and ink, is yet indelibly written in the memory and hearts of many who then knew her, and who will long remember her with the liveliest gratitude.

We have not been able to gain access to any of her letters written while at Riverhead, except those addressed to her father and sisters, and only a few of these, most of them having shared the fate of her other papers. From these we present a few extracts.

In the fall of 1837, she was again brought to the brink of the grave, by a violent attack of fever. After she had partially recovered, she thus writes to her father:

"RIVERHEAD, Sept. 11th, 1837.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"It is with a weak hand that I now write. Since I last wrote, the Lord has seen fit to give me a bitter cup to drink. The day that I put that letter into the office, I was troubled with cold chills almost continually. I remained in school

through the day, though with much difficulty. The next day I gave up, and have not been there since. My disorder is the remittent fever, attended with a most obstinate cough. Do not be alarmed about me. The cough is the only thing alarming, and that the physicians think will soon yield to the remedies that are applied. Mr. and Mrs. M. are very kind. Many of the people are much interested for me. The '*firm foundation*' is as precious here as when sick at home. Pray for your affectionate, afflicted daughter,

"N."

After writing the above, she experienced another attack, more severe than the first. When she had so far recovered as to be able to write, she addressed a sister, who then had no hope in Christ, as follows:

"Riverhead, Oct. 22, 1837.

"My dear Sister S.,

"It is with pleasure, and, I hope, with some feelings of gratitude, that I now address you. My health has much im-

proved. This is the second day that I have been down stairs—hope I shall now be able to come down every day. The school opens next week. Mrs. M. will commence it. I think now of remaining, hoping that in a few weeks I shall be able to take my former place in the school. But the Lord only knows what is before me. He, I trust, will provide. He hears the young ravens when they cry. I want to write much, but my strength will not allow it. You must accept the will. Prepare yourself with clothes for a sick-bed, if you go to the South; and may your heart be prepared, which is more necessary. Without the consolations of religion, I do not know what I should have done during my long sickness. May they all be yours. Give much love to all my friends, and accept this from

"Your ever affectionate sister,

"N."

In reference to this sickness, the following letter from Rev. Mr. Knowles, of River-

head, will exhibit the state of her mind at the time, and the improvement she made of the affliction:

"RIVERHEAD, April 27th, 1839.

"One of the many things which I admired in the departed, was the diligence with which she studied and improved the lessons of affliction, which God was pleased to visit upon her.

"You know it has been my privilege to visit her when she was on a sick, and, as we feared, a dying bed. I know it will interest you to read an extract from brief memoranda which I made at the time:

"'Miss Clark, how do you feel affected in view of these afflictions, especially this relapse, and these disappointments?'

"*Answer.* 'If I am not deceived as to my heart, it is my desire to take the cup which my heavenly Father gives me, and drink it. In the former part of my sickness, I was impatient and unsubmissive; but I think that in this last attack I have been enabled to repose all in God. I have been

taught by my afflictions how dependent I am upon the grace of God for support under trials. I have derived much comfort from this passage of Scripture,—"In all their affliction, he was afflicted." It is an affecting thought, that the Saviour is present, and is sympathizing in our trials, and exercising tender regard for us. I have no doubt that what God in this sickness is doing for me, he does in love.'

"During the conversation, she alluded with lively interest to the anecdote of the refiner, who knew when the gold had been sufficiently refined, by seeing his face reflected in it. 'So,' said she, 'with the Saviour, when he has us in the furnace of affliction, he waits to see his own image reflected in us; and when he sees this he ceases to afflict.'

"When we united in prayer, she wished me to pray especially that her afflictions might be sanctified.

"When I called again, I found her more feeble, and exercised with much pain. I remarked, 'The Lord is giving you trial of your patience.'

"'Yes, I am in the furnace.'

"'Is there one like to the Son of Man walking with you?'

"'I have been thinking of that. What a comfort it would be to have assurance that the Saviour was walking with me through these sorrows! I think I have the Saviour's love. But I do not love him as I ought. I sometimes fear that, by reason of my pain and the disordered state of my nerves, I shall be left to dishonor him.'

"She bore all with exemplary submission, and, as I doubt not, was in that trial maturing for the exalted station to which God has called her. May there be many such spirits raised up on the earth to bless the world and swell the songs of heaven.

"As ever, yours,

"C. J. KNOWLES."

From the time that the last letter to her sister was written, her health improved very rapidly, till it was fully restored. In a letter to her father, dated Riverhead, Jan. 1838, she writes as follows:

"My dear Father,

"I thought at first that I would offer an apology for not having written sooner; but I will write my letter, and let you know what I have to do, and then you will excuse me without one. When I wrote last, I was getting better. I gained fast, very fast, so that I was able to go to school the second day of the term. You may well imagine that it was with a trembling step; for when the last term closed, a fortnight before, I was confined to my bed. My health continued to improve, and, for the first time in my life, I gained flesh while teaching. The school at that time consisted mostly of my former scholars, and they appeared to try to do well to favor me. I found it comparatively easy to teach, some of them looked so smiling to see me back again.

"Last week the church set apart for holding a protracted meeting. Before they commenced it, they appointed a committee to go around and visit. This was not mere

form. Some of the visiters were very faithful. For some time before the meetings, Mr. K., our minister, preached to the church. The ground needed to be broken up; and if faithful, close preaching could do it, it was certainly done. At the commencement of the meetings, many confessed their sins. Some professing Christians publicly requested prayers; some attended the inquiry meeting, and all appeared to feel that they needed humbler, holier hearts. For my own part, Job expressed my feelings, when he said, 'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'

"The church appeared to be revived. Its number is small, but I have sometimes thought it *strong*. They certainly 'came up as one man' to the meetings. The merchants closed their shops, mechanics theirs, the farmers failed 'to prove their five yoke of oxen,' and came. It was a week of great anxiety to me. My school, and Sabbath school hung on my mind. I

dismissed my school, as it is over the lecture-room, where the meetings were held. Some of my pupils have been thoughtful during the winter, and I trust some of them have found the Saviour."

Under date of Jan. 23d, she finishes the letter:

"I wrote the above some days since. I have many other things to write about the meetings, and the state of things here, but I must leave room for afflictions. Before the meetings closed, one of our number was taken ill of the scarlet fever. She was attacked Friday night. Her father, Dr. F., of Greenport, came Saturday noon. Sabbath night her sister R. was taken with the same disorder. I saw her but little on Monday, as I attended church all day, it being the last day of the meetings. When I came home in the afternoon, I learned that my scholars from West Hampton had returned; and I thought I would call and invite them to attend the meeting. I went, but on returning, I found I was not well.

When I came home, I went into my chamber to write; but I found I could do nothing at writing, as I would lose all my strength every few moments, and become insensible. I went immediately to Dr. F., who was attending his daughter R. in the adjoining chamber, and told him he must take another patient, feeling pretty certain that I was taking the fever. I did not feel alarmed; indeed I do not know that I ever felt more calm. I felt that the Lord had enabled me to bless him for the strokes of his providence, and that he would now sustain me; and he did. The fever ran high at first, but turned favorably, and was short. Yes, I am

> 'spared alive to tell
> What bore me up, while others fell.'

My dear, dear pupil, the lovely R., fell. She died Saturday, and yesterday we laid her in her long resting-place, in the very spot which had been her play-ground, back of the seminary building. She was a lovely child,—by far the handsomest person I ever beheld;—her mind added lustre to her

countenance. I have some hope that she was prepared. She was under deep conviction during the week previous to her sickness; attended the inquiry meetings constantly, and always came forward in the evening when those who desired the prayers of God's people were invited. I conversed with her a number of times, but she never expressed any hope to me. I never asked her whether she indulged a hope or not. There are so many on the island, with a hope that does not lead to action, that I never ask a person that question. But she mentioned, in a prayer-meeting with her mates, that she felt she had been a great sinner, but she hoped the Lord had blessed her soul. She appeared to delight in the duties of religion. At a prayer-meeting, the Saturday night before her sickness, she sung very sweetly,

'Come humble sinner,' &c.

I trust it was the resolve of the heart.

"Let me live in your prayers. I never felt that I needed them so much. I feel

myself to be perfect weakness, when I think where I stand, and what I have to do: but I have been enabled to erect my Ebenezer oftentimes, and I trust the Lord will still support.

"Dear father, how is it with Christians in Derry? Are they engaged in the service of Christ, doing all they can, for his glory? or are they asleep, thus wounding the blessed Saviour? It is high time to be up, and doing. It seems to me, that if we have any thing to do for God, it must be done 'quickly.' 'What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.'"

In the margin, she addressed a few words to her sisters:

"Dear sisters, how is it with you? I fear I have stood in the way of your conversion. Do forgive me. Carry not my unfaithfulness to the judgment. I have prayed to the Lord to forgive me, but I can hardly forgive myself. *The soul! The soul!* I never before had such views of its worth, and of the danger of losing it, as

when I lay on my sick-bed last week. Rest not till this immortal part is safe. I entreat you, rest not one moment.

"Yours affectionately,

"N."

In February, 1838, a subject of a deeply interesting nature was presented to her consideration. The following extracts of a letter to her father, asking advice and direction, will show something of the state of her feelings in reference to it, and her prayerful deliberation upon a question so momentous:

"Riverhead, Feb. 17th, 1838.

"Dear Father,

"I mentioned in my last, that perhaps I should not write again this quarter; but when a child does not know what to do, it is natural and best to look to a parent for direction. Such are my circumstances. I want to know whether you are willing, or whether you think it best for me to contemplate spending my remaining days on mission ground. Dear father, what shall

I say? I will not attempt to describe my feelings. I could not, if I would. I think, if I know my heart, that since my sickness, I have felt I am only the Lord's, and that all I have is his; and I do desire, in whatever situation I am placed, to glorify him. But, then, there are so many things to be taken into consideration, in a missionary's life,—so many qualifications necessary, and I have so few,—so much of the spirit of Christ necessary, and I have so little,—that I fear my offering would be that of the halt and the maimed, which the Lord does not desire or accept. I want to know the will of the Lord. I think I have committed my way to him. He sees the end from the beginning; and he knows how and where I can best serve him. Do pray much for me, that I may know what to do. O, that I could hear 'a voice behind me, saying, This is the way!' Ask sister M. to pray for me. I hope that all my sisters who have an interest at the throne of grace, do remember me."

Under the same date, she writes:

"I have this evening received my dear sister's letter. It was as cold water to a thirsty soul. I have thought much of our church of late, and mourned,—and truly I have reason to mourn,— over the little I have done for the glory of God in it. O that I could hear that every anxious soul has given up all for Christ. Let me earnestly request my dear sisters to come to Christ *now*, and make an unreserved surrender. You stand on too dangerous ground to wait one moment. If the Spirit is now grieved away, he may never return. Come, O come, and with penitent hearts, fall at his feet, and learn how 'freely Jesus can forgive.' I never knew such a time as it is on the island. The subject of religion appears to be all engrossing.

"Your affectionate,

"N."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader, to learn that one of the sisters addressed in this letter, soon after found the Saviour precious; and is now living in hope of a glorious immortality.

In April, 1838, the solemn question, which was the subject of her letter to her father, was finally settled. Though fully aware of the sacrifices and trials that would await her in that far distant land to which she was at first destined, yet, moved by love to souls, she cheerfully, and even joyfully consented to become a partner with Rev. A. K. Hinsdale, an accepted missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., in the trials, as well as joys, of a missionary life.

Soon after this important decision, she relinquished her school, and returned to her much loved home in Derry, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for embarking in this glorious enterprise. Having offered herself to the A. B. C. F. M., she was received under their care, and designated to the Siam mission, with the expectation of being called to leave her native land in the autumn of 1838, or during the following winter.

CHAPTER III.

Extracts from her letters to Mr. Hinsdale, exhibiting her interest in the cause of missions, and in the Redeemer's kingdom universally—Fall from a carriage, and consequent sickness—Further extracts from her letters to Mr. H., exhibiting her trials arising from her sickness, as affecting her missionary prospects, and her state of mind in general, as a Christian—Destination changed to Western Asia—Letter to Miss F.

We have now arrived at an interesting period in the history of Miss Clark. We have seen the evidence of her devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, in her interest to promote the salvation of her pupils, while a teacher, and that religion might be revived in her native place; and more still in her being willing to relinquish the endearments of home and friends, to whom she was strongly attached, for the purpose of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to souls benighted in pagan lands. From the time that she consecrated herself to this work till she died, and, like her Lord and Master, "was received up into glory," she

felt that she was called upon to render praise and thanksgiving to God, for directing her attention to this subject. It is true, she had ever taken a deep interest in the cause of missions; but now that there was a prospect opened before her of engaging personally in this blessed enterprise, her whole soul was enlisted in the work of doing good, not only to the heathen, but wherever she could find an opportunity of laboring for the glory of her Saviour. Her great anxiety appeared to be, that she might be duly qualified, by the Spirit from on high, for the important station which she was expecting to occupy.

From her letters to Mr. Hinsdale, we insert the following extracts, illustrating the state of her mind in reference to this subject, and the strength of her desires for a "closer walk with God:"

"DERRY, June 4th, 1838.

"Those sweet seasons of prayer, those hours when we found 'it good to draw near unto God,' I shall never forget. This

afternoon will be the time we set apart for fasting and prayer. I feel that I need to be humbled before God. O, that while we pray the heavens might open, and the Spirit of God descend and consecrate us for the great work before us. We need holy hearts. We need all the graces of the Spirit. We need the meekness of true wisdom. I fear, sometimes, that I content myself with feeling that I need these qualifications, without seeking them in a proper manner.

"The two days' meeting here was very interesting, and, I hope, profitable. The services on the following Sabbath were solemn and impressive. Rev. Mr. Day, with his church, attended. There were quite a number from neighboring towns. Our large house was very much crowded. Between forty and fifty of those admitted to the church received baptism. I never before saw so large a collection of professed Christians in our church; and I hope the great Head of the church was there, with his gracious influences. It was good to be

there. How condescending in the Saviour to enter into covenant with his people, and to seal them for his own! How kind to institute this memorial of his love! How sweet to dwell through eternity on the theme of redeeming love! How little can we here know of its height, its depth, its length and breadth! Well might the angels wonder, as they attempt to look into its mysteries; and what must be their feelings, when they see such love slighted,—the commands of such a friend disobeyed—especially that last command, to give the gospel to every creature! He is robbed of his glory till this command is obeyed. His is the 'right to reign.' How is he dishonored by our professing union to him, and living to the world! Abiding in him, and bringing forth fruit to ourselves! Surely, 'we have not so learned Christ.' What might we be, could we imbibe his spirit! May it be our motto, 'To live is Christ.' To live and labor for such a friend does make life look very desirable. To 'die in the Lord' will make death sweet, even in

a heathen land. The season was one, I trust, in which many were on the mount of communion. My dearest earthly friend was not forgotten there. I think it was the desire of my heart that we might be baptized anew with the Holy Ghost.

"Our Sabbath school opened yesterday with cheering prospects. Quite a number of gentlemen were in, who had not attended before. 'The entrance of thy word giveth light.' I hope it has entered some hearts here, leading them to see and feel their need of instruction. I suppose you have resumed your labors as a Sabbath school teacher. May the Spirit attend, and bless. The Sabbath school is certainly one of the most interesting fields of labor, and a very responsible one, too. I want to feel it more. I think if we felt it as we ought, it would lead to more persevering prayer, and direct personal effort. The secret of success probably lies here.

"*Monday Eve.*—I have been to the concert, and felt deeply interested. It was truly a refreshing season. Our vestry was

filled, and some appeared to feel that they had an errand there. How glorious the thought that Christ will have the heathen for his inheritance,—that all the nations shall be enlightened, and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth! But why not *now*? Mr. Nevins tells us it is because Christians are not willing. And is it so? It is surely a painful thought. This ought not so to be; the standard of piety must be raised. It is no doubt true, as you remark, that there must be a higher standard of piety in the church, before the world can be converted to God. I feel, and have been endeavoring to impress it on my own mind, and on others, that the standard of Christian character here should be raised. More than two hundred, in the different societies, have professedly commenced the Christian course; and, no doubt, they will be greatly affected by older Christians.

"Yours, &c., N."

The thought suggested here, respecting the example of older Christians, is certainly

an affecting thought,—one which should stimulate Christians to aim at high attainments in a holy life. Whatever the prevailing standard of Christian character in a church may be, the example of professing Christians will produce a powerful effect upon those who may come out from the world, and espouse the cause of Christ. Does it not become the professed followers of the Lamb seriously to inquire what the effect would be, were the whole world now to be converted to the present standard of Christian effort?

"DERRY, June 15th, 1838.

"I looked over the last Herald, with an eager desire to learn something from the Siam mission, but was disappointed. The dear brethren there labor amid many discouragements. While reading the accounts of the superstitions and prejudices of the people, of the number of their priests, and the zeal with which they propagate their religion, I was forcibly reminded of the prayer of Asa, when he had to contend with the hosts of the enemies of God,—

'Lord, it is nothing for thee to help, whether with many, or with those that have no power. Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God, let not man prevail against thee.' The Lord heard and answered his prayer. Is not this an encouragement for the feeble band of brethren in Siam? The cause in which they are engaged is the cause of God; and though the adversary of souls is engaged with his legions, the Lord can destroy his kingdom, and on its ruins erect a kingdom over which he whose right it is shall reign.

"When we look at the heathen world as it is, and consider the opposition of the human heart even when enlightened, to holiness, and the apathy of Christians, there is much to discourage; but when we look at the power and promises of God, this great mountain 'becomes a plain.' O, for a heart prepared to labor in this work. Shall I not, with such an unholy heart, be a hindrance to the cause? This is a ques-

tion, which has been on my mind much of late. We are told, that 'the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward him.' Pray for me, that the Lord himself would prepare me for the work. I need much preparation of the heart from him. It seems most dreadful to have a proud, unholy heart, on missionary ground. 'Jesus Christ,' some one recently remarked, 'was the first missionary.' He has shown us what must be the spirit of those who would 'walk in his steps.' He pleased not himself. His meat and drink was to do the will of his heavenly Father. He 'endured the cross, despising the shame.' May we have grace given us to follow him, even though it should be to 'prison and to death.' Yours, N."

"DERRY, June 25th, 1838.

"How blessed the privilege, that we may meet at the throne of grace—at the mercy-seat; and not only meet with each

other there, but with our blessed Saviour, our Sanctifier, our covenant-keeping God. It is good to be there. There

'Safety dwells, and peace divine.'

I think I have had a precious meeting this evening. I felt, I trust, the Saviour's presence. I desired to give myself away unreservedly to the Lord, to be only his for ever. I felt a peace in giving you up to him which I seldom enjoy. The Lord enable us to say, under every dispensation of his providence, 'Thy will be done.'

"You have doubtless seen the report of the murder of Mr. Lindley, in South Africa. I hope it is not so; but if it is, I trust he found death divested of its sting, even though he fell by murderous hands, in a heathen land. How precious the 'firm foundation,' in this wicked, unstable world! O, that the Lord himself would set us apart for this great work, give us every needed qualification, strengthen and support us in the discharge of every duty, and give us to see him glorified in the salvation of some of

the degraded inhabitants of Siam, for a reward. God has been good and kind to us. I do, with you, delight to trace the leadings of his providence,—to see 'all the way in which the Lord our God has led us.' If, in his providence, he shall send us together to Siam, may he go before us, go with and abide with us, and be unto us 'a strong tower, whereinto we may run and be safe.' The more I look at the work, and the more it appears like a reality that we shall be engaged in it, the more I desire it, the more I long to be in Siam, preparing to tell the Siamese the story of Calvary. But it is late. An affectionate good-night.

"*Tuesday Morn.*—It is a lovely morning. We had a beautiful shower yesterday, attended with heavy thunder. The air is clear and cool. The sun shines brightly. The fields are clothed in deep green, and nature smiles, rich with promise. The birds are tuning their sweetest notes, in this the sweetest hour, and all things praise God. All things, I said. All but man,—man, made in God's image, and on whom

he wrote, as on a finished work, 'very good.' Who can estimate the ingratitude of man—the forbearance of God? There is still some interest here on the subject of religion, but not so much as there ought to be; for God is as willing to continue his work as to commence it, if Christians were only engaged with their whole hearts. May the Lord make you the means of the salvation of souls!

"Yours, &c., N."

"Derry, July 6th, 1838.

"What you mentioned about brother ——— brought to my mind a remark of good Dr. C. He said, 'Notwithstanding all the advantages which young ministers enjoy, they usually have to knock their heads once or twice pretty severely, before they learn wisdom.' I do not suppose, however, that he considered it absolutely necessary; but he inferred it from the proneness of ministers, as well as others, to forget where wisdom dwells. I think it is Dr. Payson, who remarks, that it

would be well for young ministers, to take the disciples for an example, when they came to Jesus at the close of the day, and told him all things, both what they had done and taught. It would regulate much the actions of life, if they were performed with the design of reviewing them with the blessed Saviour.

"How necessary to feel our dependence, and to pray with David, 'Hold thou me up, and then I shall be safe.' A thorough acquaintance with human nature is very necessary in a missionary, and perhaps would rank next in importance to holiness of heart, and a spirit of cheerful self-denial for the sake of Christ. I am reading a sketch of missions by Winslow, and am deeply interested in it. I think it does me good. It speaks of trials at every step. It is like traveling through a desert, with only here and there an oasis. I am afraid I do not feel enough the necessity of being prepared for trials. I know that the Lord can support under the severest afflictions; but I need a childlike disposition, to re-

nounce self; and I desire to be girded only with heavenly armor.

"The last Herald was truly cheering. The missionaries at the Sandwich Islands may truly sing the 'Lord's song,' even 'in a strange land.' Our last monthly concert was deeply interesting. The vestry was quite full. I feel much encouraged by the interest recently manifested in the concert. There appears to be new life in the meeting. Many were there for the first time; some mentioned that they felt as though they wanted to be there constantly. I hope it may be but the beginning of better things. That the Lord may lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, is the prayer of yours, N."

A few days before the above letter was written, Miss Clark was thrown from a carriage, and received an injury in her side, which she at first considered slight, but which proved to be very serious, as it probably laid the foundation for her last

sickness and death. She barely alludes to it in the letter, as follows: "You must make corrections for me. I fell from a carriage on Thursday, and hurt my head and side, and have left many things unfinished since. I hope to be well in a day or two."

"DERRY, July 21st, 1838.

"I am now reading Dick's Philosophy of a Future State. As far as I have read, I am deeply interested. I love to read such works. They have a tendency to enlarge the mind; to draw it away from earth, and fix it on eternity. Eternity! Living for eternity! What a thought! How strange that we should be so eager for the trifles of earth, when there are eternal treasures to be secured! When looking at dear friends, and home, I have sometimes thought that it would be a great thing to leave them. But sure I am, if we could take our stand on some celestial hill, and weigh the worth of souls, and the worth of time, in the balances of eternity,

it would appear of little importance, which side of this 'little speck, which men call earth,' we lived upon, provided we were laboring for him, who died for us. The sun is now setting all bright and lovely. He is going to give day to the Siamese. It is a most delightful evening. The air is clear and cool. I should like to write for some time, but my sheet is nearly covered. This is the sacred hour we set apart to pray for each other. Saturday night always seems sweet and sacred; but it is rendered still more so by this association. What should we do without prayer?

'Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw.'

"I find I must bid you good night.

"N."

"DERRY, August 3d, 1838.

"With God's blessing (without which all our earthly comforts are vain), it will be sweet with you to wear out life, even among the ignorant and degraded. In order to be really useful to each other, and to the cause of Christ, in which I hope we

shall be engaged, we need to have our hearts, our thoughts, our actions regulated by the precepts of the gospel. I need much grace, much wisdom, much love. With you, I can say, I want more heavenly affections. The missionary should indeed be raised above this humid atmosphere, where he can catch the spirit of heaven. It is the want of this spirit among Christians that makes the chariot wheels of the gospel drag so heavily. Error, and ignorance, and prejudice, and heathenism in all its forms, would flee away before the gospel, if every professed Christian had the spirit of Christ. May we have grace given us, to walk even as he walked!

"N."

"DERRY, August 29th, 1838.

"I hope the precious boon of health is yours, and that your happiness is commensurate with your usefulness. But as respects myself, I have nothing cheering to write. Soon after writing my last, I was taken sick, and was confined to my cham-

ber for some days. I thought at first, that I should have a fever, but Providence kindly interposed, and blessed the means used to throw it off. I am now much better, but not well. I feel weak and debilitated. I assure you it is a time of trial; not that the sickness itself is trying or severe; but the fear that I shall be of little or no use to you, or the cause in which I long to be engaged; *this, this is trying.* I know that I ought to trust God for the future, and I desire to; but I have felt and still feel, that unless I have health, I ought not to go; and the very thought of giving up going, is like cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye. Pray for me. I will drop this subject for the present. It is painful; and no doubt has pained you. I would gladly spare the heart I love the slightest pang; but I felt it to be a duty to tell you frankly how I was. I feel much worse on your account, than on my own. I hope, and cannot but think, that the Lord has something for me to do in Siam, and that he will give me health to perform it. Yours, N."

The sickness here mentioned proved to be the result of the injury received by being thrown from the carriage. She enjoyed little or no good health from this time, though in the former part of the winter following, her health was so nearly restored, as to give occasion to expect a speedy and entire restoration. The following extracts will show the state of her feelings in reference to this dispensation:

"DERRY, Sept. 13th, 1838.

"The Lord has doubtless some wise reason for sending sickness and pain; and we shall one day see wisdom, and love, and mercy written on what now seems mysterious. Health has never seemed so precious, as since I have thought, the Lord willing, of going with you to Siam. But the Lord reigneth. He will send just what is best. O, for a heart to rejoice in his government, whatever he may do with me! I felt in hopes that I should be well ere this; and indeed I have been a great deal better. I was so much better last week,

that I rode to Andover, and returned, as I thought, almost well. Last Monday, I was taken sick again. But I have ever found it good to be afflicted. The Saviour's visits to a sick-bed are most precious. His presence makes heaven. Then we may always rejoice; for if faithful to him, he has promised to be with us always. N."

"DERRY, Sept. 24th, 1838.

"Well, here I am, seated in my chamber alone. The rest of the family are at breakfast. It is quite cool out of doors, but my chamber is made comfortable with a fine blazing fire. It is quite a busy morning with our family; to me one of trial. Sister E. leaves for the West to-day, and I shall have to say good-by. May the Lord go with her, to protect and bless her! The important part is, to view the great end of our existence, and to act in such a manner, that all our meetings and partings may be so regulated as to glorify God. I think I feel more and more, every day I

live, the importance of having every thing we do bear upon this great point, the glory of God; and how shall we, as Christians, glorify him? Not by saying, 'Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts;' but by having the principles of the Bible regulate our conduct, in every situation in life; by exemplifying all the milder virtues of Christianity; bearing trials with patience; mortifying and subduing every unholy passion; living above the world, and inhaling much of the Spirit which breathes 'peace on earth and good-will to men.' O, that we may so live, as even here to catch the spirit of the heavenly world! Then we should make a right improvement of all our trials, and all our mercies. How precious is the thought, that *God reigns!* When surrounded with every good; when innumerable blessings cluster around us; when smiling hope points us to future happiness; how blessed the thought, that a *Father's love* sends every blessing. And when troubles assail; when languor and disease invade the outward

tabernacle; when we tremble, lest our fairest hopes should be blasted, it is still a blessed privilege to feel, that a *Father's love* points every dart; that he numbers them all; that he directs alike the sunshine and the storm. I should like to write much more, but find I cannot. I know you will excuse me. My health is about the same as when I wrote last. 'The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.'

"So prays your own

"N."

About the last of September, she heard that the Board were designing to send out the appointed missionaries soon. The following extracts, will exhibit her feelings in view of this intelligence, and the feeble state of her health:

"Derry, Oct. 4th, 1838.

"It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that I sit down to answer your

precious letter. I have recently heard that the Board design to send out the waiting missionaries soon. Father saw a Mr. M., who attended the meeting of the Board in Portland. He thought it exceedingly interesting, and that the cause had received quite an impulse to propel it onward. I rejoice much in this token for good. I rejoice for the cause of Christ; for the perishing heathen; for those who are waiting to go. But what shall I say for myself? I do not know but that God intends to show me that he can carry on his purposes of mercy for the poor Siamese, and lay me aside. My health is still poor, and unless I can obtain relief, I should only be a burden to the mission.

"My sickness has led me seriously to review all the steps I have taken, as it regards my intended connection with you. I think, as far as I know my own heart, that it was a desire to be more useful, and the hope that I should be so, that led me to decide to share with you the trials and pleasures attendant on a missionary's life.

My greatest desire was, I think, to follow the leadings of God's providence, and I thought then, and still think, that the Lord was our guide. Why he now seems to frown, I know not: but I am certain that he does all things right. I have derived much comfort from the passage of Scripture which declares that 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' What if I do not know? My Saviour does. Infinite wisdom cannot err: and infinite love wounds but to heal. I have felt at times sorely tried; and Satan has tempted me to repine, and ask the Lord for a reason. I know it is wrong, and I would wait at his feet and know his will; and I do hope that I may have a heart cheerfully to acquiesce in it, whatever it may be. It is, as you say, one thing to philosophize in the spirit of Christianity, and quite another thing cheerfully to acquiesce in the providences of God, when they cross our fairest hopes. I want your counsel. I know I have your prayers, and I derive much comfort from this assurance. I feel that you are tried in

my trials; and this thought has caused me many severe struggles: but I hope the Lord will support.

"Yours, &c. N."

She mentioned in this letter, that she had consulted Dr. S., of Amherst, who pronounced her sickness to be in consequence of the fall from the carriage, already mentioned. Soon after writing the above, she learned that there was no prospect that the missionaries would sail earlier than the following spring. Her health also began to improve so rapidly that she was encouraged with the prospect of being able to engage in this work, so dear to her heart.

Under date of Oct. 25th, 1838, she writes as follows:

"Had the privilege of attending church Sabbath morning. It is a great blessing at any time; but when we have been deprived of it for some Sabbaths, we feel much more strongly the preciousness of the privilege. The Psalm, which was read in the morning, corresponded precisely with my

feelings. It was the 84th, commencing, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.' Mr. T., from Londonderry, preached from these words, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' He showed in a very clear and striking manner, why the unrenewed, unsanctified heart cannot enter heaven; and even if admitted there, why it could not be happy. Surely sin does appear loathsome, in view of the character of God, and the holiness of heaven. How necessary a Saviour, all divine, to heal from the disease of sin, and tune our hearts for the melodies of that better world, where selfishness cannot enter. How necessary a heart, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ while here, if we would have an abundant entrance there, when 'this mortal shall put on immortality.' How very great the debt of gratitude we owe to him, who has purchased heavenly blessings at such a price! To be cleansed from sin—to be made the children of God—to be admitted into his presence—to dwell with Christ, and to be

'made like him;' these are the Christian's privileges. 'O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and the love of God;' and we are told that, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Infinite love! Surely it is

'A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.'

And what returns shall we make for such love? Shall we not do something for him, who has done so much for us? Shall not the perishing heathen hear that such blessings have been purchased for our fallen race? Yes, yes, surely every Christian must reply; for this same Saviour, who bought the blessing, and gave it freely, with the gift says, 'Send it to every creature.' Is it so? O, that we might all feel, that the conversion of the world is what the Saviour demands in return. It is surely a great privilege, which God confers on his people, to honor them as instruments of bringing in his 'purchased possession.'

"N."

"DERRY, Nov. 2d, 1838.

"Sisters are all absent, attending the funeral of one of my former school-mates. There was no one in the school, apparently, to whom the future promised more of health and life. She was indeed the picture of health and beauty; and no doubt promised herself many years of happiness. But death comes, and writes in living characters, not only that the feeble and aged may die, but that 'all flesh is grass.' We have many things to admonish us. Sickness prevails around us, to an extent unknown before. May we 'learn righteousness!'

"I see that two missionaries have gone with Mr. Abeel. May the Lord go with them, and go before them, and make them instruments of good! Does not the good news from the Sandwich Islands cheer your heart? The Lord is as able, and as willing to pour out his Spirit on all the stations. May the spirit of prayer be poured out upon all the churches!

"*Monday.*—I thought of you often yesterday, and hoped that the glad tidings, which you might be proclaiming to sinners, might so reach their hearts, that they would 'receive the truth in the love of it,' and that 'the truth would make them free.' My prayer is, that the Spirit may accompany the word dispensed by you; for however truth is spoken, it is only mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan. The Lord make you 'wise to win souls,' is the fervent prayer of

"Your affectionate N."

"DERRY, Nov. 21st, 1838.

"You are certainly very happily, and I hope usefully engaged. To preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, must be a source of real enjoyment. To establish Christians, and lead inquiring souls to the Lamb of God, must be heavenly work. Still I have no doubt, the responsibilities of your station often almost overwhelm you; and well they might, if you labored alone. In such a case, an angel's powers

would fail. But I trust you feel, and find by experience, that the arm of the Lord is your strength. May the Lord himself gird you for your work, and give you many souls, 'as seals of your ministry and crowns of rejoicing' in that day when 'he shall reward every man according as his work shall be!' It would be very pleasant, if it were best, to have you located so near that we might have the privilege of seeing you often. But we may meet. Yes,

> 'There is a place where spirits blend;
> Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
> Though severed far, by faith they meet
> Around one common mercy-seat.'

"And may the Lord meet with us, and give us his Spirit, and walking in the light of his countenance, we shall be safe and happy. O, that my will may be swallowed up in the divine will. Pray for me that it may. I find that I have a very rebellious heart. I have had some very severe struggles. Satan has been very busy, endeavoring to lead me to think that the Lord deals hard with me. I have a great deal

of inward corruption to contend with. If the Lord should leave me to myself, I should sink in despair. His forbearance is infinite. I have to adore his goodness, that he does not leave me to find my deserts among those, 'who curse their God and king,' in the dark world of wo. Shall I complain! It were the basest ingratitude! Let my heavenly Father choose for me, whatever that choice may be. N."

Truly the Christian's course through this world is a constant warfare. He is beset with foes, both within and without; yet, with the gospel armor girded on, he is safe. Though legions of enemies rise up against him, he is sure to conquer; for the Captain of his salvation will appear for his rescue, and he *must* prevail.

Miss Clarke, in common with other Christians, was called to endure severe conflicts with her own heart, yet, "looking unto Jesus," she gained the victory. We have her own testimony in the following extract:

"DERRY, Nov. 16th, 1838.

"The trials that I spoke of in my last letter are gone. I think I may say, my mind is perfectly calm and serene. I would not only be *willing* that God should reign, but *rejoice* in his government, whatever he may do with me. He cannot err.

'' 'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.'

"O, my wicked, deceitful heart. Why should one, who has experienced so many proofs of love and mercy, ever doubt a Father's goodness? I cannot say that I did indulge that feeling, but if I was perfectly reconciled, why did it arise so often in the mind? O, I would be humbled in the dust before God, that notwithstanding all the methods he has taken to refine me, there should be so much dross, so much pride, which must be purged *with fire.*

"N."

"DERRY, Dec. 6th, 1838.

"What the Lord designs to do with me, we cannot yet certainly know; but, surely,

if he has any thing for me to do in Siam, he will give me ability to do it; and if not, why should I wish it? Why should we not be willing to trust a Father's love? 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' says the Saviour. This is encouraging.

"Do you hear any thing from the Board? I hardly dare to think of going; but I cannot, for one hour, separate my thoughts from missions, and a friend of missions. I wait to know his will. O Lord, cause me to know the way in which I should walk, for I lift up my prayer unto thee. You say, 'It is safe to trust the Lord.' Yes,

'Here safety dwells, and peace divine.'

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.'

"Your affectionate

"N."

"Derry, Jan. 1st, 1839.

"How do you do this morning? Are peace, and happiness, and health your companions?

Does the love of God fill and warm your heart? Does the placid countenance speak of contentment? I almost fancy that I see you and hear you answer, Yes. Is it but fancy? The best wishes of my heart would make the waking dream a reality. However it may be, I trust the Lord is with you, and that the new year is commenced with renewed consecration of heart to his service; with more ardent desires to live only to him. I have been thinking much of 'all the way in which the Lord our God has led us,' during the year past. It has been 'crowned with his goodness.' To me, it has been an eventful period. The future prospects of my life have met with an entire change. An important field of usefulness has been opened before me. Has not the hand of the Lord been in this thing? Did not he guide us? Did not he point out the path? Will not he still be our guide? Surely he will, if, with sincerity of heart, we seek his direction. If our God prepares the way for us, we need not yield to discouragements under any circumstances.

The Lord knows what is best, and just what we need, to prepare us for his service. Not one 'good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' But how inconsistent we are! We pray for hearts wholly devoted to God—to have every qualification needful for usefulness—to have much of the spirit of our Master. The Lord sees that, in order to answer our prayer, there is much in our hearts that must be removed; and perhaps he sees that chastening is necessary. But when he commences his work, we start, as though we could doubt the dealings of infinite wisdom, or the compassion of a God whose nature and whose name is love. I say *we*, but I mean *I*. I hope there is none so ungrateful as I am. Surely I ought to be praising God with my whole heart. I have not the least doubt that the trials, which the Lord sees fit to send upon me, are the *very best blessings* which he could grant. I think I may say, I would not have them removed until he sees that it is best, for an eternity of earthly blessings.

'T would make me wretched in Gabriel's seat, with Gabriel's harp."

Previously to the time that this letter was written, the Board had proposed to Mr. H. a change of destination, from Siam to Western Asia. In reference to this proposed change, she writes:

"The Board, it seems, are still undecided about our destination. I hope and pray that the Lord will guide, and send us where we can best serve him. If he direct, all will be well, whether we are sent to Syria, or to Siam. I do not doubt that the climate of Syria will be most favorable for health. All things are known to God; and he will make all things work together for our best good.

Surely we have no cause for anxiety. That the Lord may teach you his will, and strengthen you to perform it, is the prayer of your own affectionate

"N."

The last letter Miss Clarke wrote to Mr. Hinsdale seems almost prophetic, and as it

were, expressly designed to prepare him for the heavy trial so soon to fall upon him.

"DERRY, Jan. 17th, 1839.

"My health is as good as when you were here; I hope some better. My nerves are very much stronger; or, at least, they know their place better, and keep still. I have very much to be thankful for. I have been tracing the dealings of God with his people, as recorded in the Bible. I find much to strengthen my confidence in God. He is 'ever mindful of his covenant;' ever doing his people good. Afflictions appear to have been his chosen messengers of mercy. Affliction is one of the *good* things, that he will not 'withhold from them that walk uprightly.' The patriarchs, with a promise, large and divine, found many trials. The Lord often makes use of affliction to prepare his children for great blessings. Joseph was to be seated on a throne, and be the saviour of his people; but he was first to know all that was bitter in envy, all that was cruel in bondage.

He was 'persecuted, afflicted, tormented;' but with Paul, he might say, that 'out of all his troubles the Lord delivered him.' David thought, in the midst of his trials, that he should surely fall by the hand of Saul; but the Lord saw otherwise. He learned that 'it was good to be afflicted,' and ever after to say, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.' The poor widow, who was gathering her two sticks to prepare the last she had for herself and son, that they might eat and die, little thought, that God intended to make her wants his care, and in a miraculous manner fulfil his own promise, that 'bread shall be given, water shall be sure.' May we learn, with the Psalmist, to 'trust the Lord at all times.' O, for more of the confidence of children!

"Death has again entered the Sabbath school class that I instructed last summer, and consigned one of its most interesting members to the tomb. She was a lovely young lady, and, I trust, a sincere Christian. Her end was peace. Three of the class

have died during the fall and winter. How solemn the call, to do with our might what we find to do. How it admonishes us, to be faithful with dying sinners. I hope it may be sanctified to all. There is not that interest here on religious subjects that we could wish; not that interest which there ought to be, where there are so many professed followers of him, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of our heavenly Father. But I would not blame others. I feel that 'shame and confusion of face belong' to me. The question arises in my mind, What can I do for God? but I fear, like Pilate, I leave it there. Satan tempts me to think that, with my feeble health, and so much before me, it is better for me to sit still. 'Work while it is called to-day,' say the word and providence of God. The future is at present dark to us. I feel calm, for God rules.—Design to set apart Saturday, a week from to-morrow, for prayer for divine direction. I choose that day, in order that, if agreeable to you, we may unite together. I feel easy about our

destination; for I think we have stated our feelings candidly, and I trust our steps will be 'ordered by the Lord.' Wherever we may be placed, may we ever be found 'looking to Jesus—rejoicing in hope—patient in tribulation—instant in prayer.' Amen and amen.

"With undying affection,

"Your own N."

The following letter was addressed to a former school-mate, to whom she was strongly attached:

"DERRY, Dec. 7th, 1838.

"MY DEAR MISS F.,

"I intended, ere this, to write and give you an account of our safe arrival home; but unforeseen circumstances have prevented. We found the ride pleasanter than we expected,—stopped some two or three hours in N.,—dined with Mrs. C.,—and reached home a little after dark. Found our friends somewhat anxious about us. They were not aware of the rise of the Souhegan, and thought we were sick,

or had met with some accident. I often think of the pleasant visit I enjoyed at your father's. It seemed to renew the scenes and pleasures of by-gone days, and make them live again in fond remembrance. It is very pleasant, after an absence of years, to meet with those we love; to learn the varied scenes through which they have passed, and sympathize with them in the joys and sorrows which checker life. You and I have each of us been afflicted with sickness. This has led me of late to think much of the benefits of affliction, as it regards growth in grace, and a preparation for usefulness and heaven. We know that God has wise designs in whatever he does; and that, for his children, his designs are all mercy, however they may appear to us at the time. Could we see things as God sees them, we should give different names from what we often do, to many of the dispensations of his providence. We call many of his dealings with us trials, and our wicked hearts make them such; but if we felt right, and could view things in the

same light that we shall view them in eternity, we should receive things as they are sent, as proofs of a Father's love. But we are strangely inconsistent. We pray to be made holy,—to have every needed qualification for usefulness,—to have our affections regulated by the principles of the gospel,—to have the mind of Christ,—and to breathe the spirit of heaven. The Lord sees that, in order to answer our prayer, there is much evil to be removed from our hearts; but when he commences his work, we start, and wonder why it is, and are almost ready to say, with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' I have said *we*, but I trust it is not so with you. It ought to be enough for us, under any dispensation, to know that our heavenly Father sees what is best for us. Yes, he is good when he gives us health and earthly blessings, and not less so when he denies. Infinite wisdom cannot err. 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' If this God is our covenant-keeping God,—our best friend,—we may feel safe and happy in any, in every situation.

"There is nothing particularly interesting to write respecting things in Derry. Why is it that we do not realize and hear of the operations of the Spirit, as we did last winter? The Lord is as ready to bless as in times past. He is waiting to be gracious. We must search our own hearts for the answer. When he is 'inquired of by the house of Israel,' he does 'these things for them.' O, that we might, as individuals, and as churches, unite to call upon God for the descent of the Spirit. The Lord appears to be doing wonders for the heathen. Does not the last Herald contain very cheering intelligence? I really feel ashamed for my want of faith, when I read of more than three thousand conversions at the Sandwich Islands. 'Surely it shall be said' of the heathen, 'What hath God wrought?' The missionaries there have labored long under many discouragements. Mr. D., who is now in this country, speaking of the darkness of the minds of the Sandwich Islanders, remarks that they had been described by the terms,

'dulness,' 'apathy,' 'imbecility,' 'stupidity;' but he feared that all these terms combined would not convey an adequate idea of the darkness and vacancy which reigned there. In speaking of the difficulties in imparting truth, he said there was a barrenness of words on moral subjects; or if words were found, they conveyed erroneous ideas. Talk to them of *sin*, and the idea they attach to it is *misfortune*, or *detection in crime*. Talk of *glory*, and they think of the *equipage of chieftains*. Tell them of *heavenly blessedness*, and their minds are filled with ideas of *rank* and *honor*, or *ease* and *pleasure*. It seems the Lord can overcome all these obstacles, and prepare a people for his praise. The mountains of opposition 'before Zerrubabel shall become a plain.'

"I look forward with much interest to the time when you and your sisters will visit us,—hope it will be soon. Give much love to your friends. My health is rather better than when I was at A. May the Lord give you much of his Spirit, and make you

eminently useful; and may we, after the toils, and trials, and pleasures of this life are past, meet in that happy home, where love is the ruling passion, and God is all in all.

"Yours, with changeless love,

"N. M. C."

A few days after the date of the last letter to Mr. H., he communicated to her the intelligence that their destination was altered from Siam to Western Asia; and while waiting for the welcome summons to leave her native shores and go forth, her Saviour saw fit to remove her from the scenes and trials of earth,—from a large and endeared circle of friends,—from one bereft of that society and coöperation in the service of Christ in a land of strangers, which he was fondly anticipating,—to the crown and praises of heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Last sickness—Her views and feelings exemplified by her own remarks, arranged under several heads—Resignation—Confidence in God—Dependence on God—Gratitude—Consolations of the gospel—Sorrow for past unfaithfulness—Desires to excite others to greater faithfulness—Cause of missions—Triumph over death—Longing for death—Assurance of hope—Heaven—Longing for heaven—Views of the Saviour, and the plan of salvation—Conclusion.

On the 23d of January, 1839, Miss Clark was attacked with the "inflammation of the stomach," which terminated her life in about eleven weeks. Though her pains were severe from the commencement of her sickness, she was not considered dangerous until about six weeks previous to her death. From that time, her physician entertained little or no hope of her recovery; as all medicine and nourishment, instead of benefiting her, seemed only to aggravate the disease.

We cannot give a better general view of the state of her mind during her sickness,

than in the language of the sermon preached at her funeral:—"Though her passage down to the grave was trying,—her struggles with disease sharp and severe,—though few, perhaps, have endured more suffering; yet few if any ever experienced more uniform and elevated spiritual enjoyment. Scarcely a cloud passed over her mind, or a doubt arose to disturb her peace. She had such clear and enrapturing views of her Saviour, such delight in his character, such confidence in his word, as seemed to forbid every fear or suspicion as to her security in his hand.

"She remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and in the days of her trial her Creator came to her aid. Yes, she enjoyed, in an unusual degree, 'peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' in the conflict she sustained with the last enemy. In saying this, I wish merely to exhibit and recommend her Saviour, through whose love and faithfulness she was thus comforted and cheered; not to exalt her. No, she was in herself a poor,

sinful worm of the dust, and this she acknowledged, with the deepest impressions of humility; but her covenant God put his comeliness upon her, as a vessel fitted to show forth his glory."

During her whole sickness, her conversation was highly instructive and edifying. At times, she seemed almost to look within the veil, and catch a glimpse of the glories of that "bright eternity" which was just opening to her view. None of her remarks were preserved, till within the last four or five weeks of her life; when, at the suggestion of her pastor, a friend, whose privilege it was to walk with her "down to the very brink of Jordan," wrote down some of her expressions, as they fell from her lips, while he was present.

It is not for the purpose of exhibiting evidence that the departed was an heir of glory, and has now gone to receive her inheritance with her beloved Saviour, that we present these remarks to the reader; but for the purpose of illustrating the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, and

thereby exciting Christians to more diligence, to the exercise of more lively faith in his testimony, and, if possible, to induce those who have no hope in Christ to flee to this ark of safety, and there seek refuge from the coming storm.

Though the promises of God are "yea and amen," to the Christian,—though we have a "sure word of testimony," yet when we see these promises verified in supporting the believer under the severest struggles, filling him with joy, and enabling him to triumph in the trying hour, we can better appreciate their value, and bring them home to ourselves with more unwavering confidence. It is for this purpose, that we present these remains, exhibiting the state of her mind when eternity was opening to her view. Even in this most solemn hour, she enjoyed perfect peace. "I have found," said she, "in my own experience, the truth of the declaration, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.' Even when tossed with distress, he has given me

sweet peace." A little more than a week before her death, she said "I had a sweet time last night; I thought I was dying,—that I was almost *home;* but I soon found that I was a being on earth."

RESIGNATION.

It might be truly said of her, that her peace was "like a river." And why? Her will bowed submissive to the will of her Maker; therefore she could not be unhappy.

A few weeks before her death, a friend, at her request, sung the hymn commencing,

"Ye angels who stand round the throne."

When it was finished, she said, "That is sweet. Those are just my feelings. I think I have given myself away entirely to the Lord, to have him do with me *just as he will.* If it is his will that I should get well, and labor in his service, I shall be happy in that; or, if it is his will that I should lay down this clay, I shall be happy

to do so. I think I want to have his perfect will done in me; but it requires much grace to feel, at all times, as I ought."

When in very great pain, she said, "I have need of patience, to wait, either for health or for death, as the will of the Lord may be. I do not wish for one less pain than the Lord sees best for me to suffer, and I know that he will not inflict more. I have often said that I wished to have the Lord's will done, and I think I can say so now; but only as he gives me grace." Again: "I think I wish to have God's perfect will done in me. It is a hard thing to be *wholly* resigned." Then, with an expression of countenance, showing that she felt that she was *one* with her Saviour, she added, "That is a precious text, 'He that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are *one*.'" The remark was made, "It is a blessed privilege, that we may be made one with Christ." "We long to be made like him in heaven," she replied, "but find it hard to be made like him in suffering." Again: "The Lord gives me to have no will of my

own,—I want his will to be done." In great distress, she said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." "The cup which my heavenly Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?"

How often is God dishonored by the repinings of professing Christians! How often do they murmur, when suffering even slight disappointments! Stop, professed follower of the Lamb, even when smarting under the strokes of his rod, and say, in the oft-repeated language of this dear disciple, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

We have already quoted a sufficient number of Miss Clark's remarks, under this head, to show that her submission was entire. Yet it is profitable to linger around the Christian's death-bed, and there learn lessons of heavenly wisdom. "The Lord's ways are equal, but my ways are not equal. I had planned very differently. I have had my plans, and the Lord has his. O,

my heavenly Father, to thee I look. Give me perfect submission to thy will, and grant that all the pains thou dost send may be sanctified to me, and improved to the end thou dost design in sending them. And O, if it be thy will, I pray that thou wilt prepare me, and take me to thyself."

In great distress and difficulty of breathing, she said, "This is earth." The remark was made, "It will be sweet to exchange earth for heaven." "Yes," she said, "It will be sweet. I long to lay this troubled head and aching heart beneath the sod; yet I would wait patiently for God's time. I could not be happy, could I go to heaven without his bidding."

About two weeks previous to her death, her friends were gathered around her bedside, thinking that she was dying. When she had partially recovered, her father said, "I do not think she is dying." She looked up, "Don't you think I am dying?" Her father asked if she wished it were so. She replied, "If it were the Lord's will, I should be happy to go. *I want to suffer all*

his righteous pleasure to the end. His time is *the* time. I am in the best of hands."

The day before her death, she was told that she could probably live but a short time, and was asked if she would be glad to have it so. "I should be glad," she replied, "if it is God's perfect will; if it is not, I don't wish to go till *his* time comes." Soon after, in reply to the question, "Is the Saviour still dear to you?" "Yes," she said, "I can trust myself right into his arms. If he has life for me, I want to live for him, for him alone; if he has death for me, I feel that it will be better to go and be with Christ."

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Another reason for the peace that she enjoyed, may be found in the fact, that she felt *perfect confidence in God;* assured that he would do all things well. When in great pain, she said, "I shall soon be where I shall see the need of all these pains." Again: "God is his own inter-

preter. He will make all right. In heaven we shall ask no whys, nor wherefores." Nearly four weeks previous to her death, she remarked; "It seems to me that I cannot endure such suffering much longer; but how many struggles the Lord has for me to go through, I don't know." The reply was made, "We must leave that with him." "That is what I wish to do," she said. "We shall one day see why all this is; why the Lord has thus laid me low, and cut off my hopes of going to the heathen. The Lord has come across my path in a very unexpected manner and brought down my hopes. I thought the Lord called me to the work of missions, and I still think he directed me. I certainly sought his direction; and should he remove me now, I think he has accepted my desire to labor among the heathen." When at a certain time she had said, "O, these pains! But they will not last forever!"—fearful that what she had said might appear like complaining, she proceeded, "Do I complain?" The reply was

made, "I think not; you don't design to, do you?" "No! no!" she replied, "I surely do not. The government of God is *perfect.* It is well to let patience have her perfect work. Even the hairs of our heads are all numbered, and surely our *pains* must be." Again: "I have often prayed, that the Lord would guide me, and place me in those circumstances in which I could glorify him most; and I think this is still my desire, though I did not expect it would be, by laying such pain upon me. It is comparatively an easy thing to labor in his service." The remark was made, that the Lord often sees best to lead us "in a way that we knew not." "Yes," she replied, "my heavenly Father does well. His government is perfect. I have no doubt, that my pains are a rich blessing. I believe that they are sent in answer to my prayer; that the Lord is taking this method to glorify himself; perhaps," she continued, addressing her friend, "by increasing your sanctification, through this trial, and preparing you for more abundant ser-

vice." It would be impossible to give any adequate description of the severity of her pains; yet even in her greatest distress, her confidence in God remained unshaken. She felt that all her pains were inflicted by a Father's love. In great distress, she said, "*If this is the love of God, what must his wrath be?*" Pause, impenitent sinner! If God thus afflicts the children of his love, in order to increase their sanctification, and prepare them for a higher sphere of glory, *what must be your doom*, if you continue unreconciled to him?

Again: "I had a very distressed night. I knew not rest. But the cup which my heavenly Father fills for me I would drink." Soon after, "O, my heavenly Father, my heavenly Father, pity thy suffering child. When will he come and say, it is enough? But, O, for perfect patience! His time is still the best!"

Again: "I expected to be riding on the billows of the ocean about this time: but I am tossed on far different seas. It is God's to appoint, and mine to obey. God dis-

poses of the events of our lives in mercy; and I think he sometimes enables me to feel it."

The 46th Psalm having been read, she said, "That is a precious Psalm. God is my refuge and strength; the Lord of hosts is with me. It would certainly be very ungrateful for me to distrust him now, since he has kept me so long. He will, I cannot doubt, he will give me all needed grace." Five days before her death, she expressed a desire to see the physician. When he came, she said, "I wanted to inquire, 'What of the night?' The doctor told her, that it was impossible to tell; that she might live several days, perhaps two or three weeks, and yet that she might not but a few days. After he had gone, she said, "I thought his coming had done me no good, but I believe it has. I believe it will drive me to the throne. I want help directly from the Lord. I thought that I had almost done with earth; and it may be so now. The Lord's time is best." The remark was made, that it is safe to

trust all to him. "Yes," she replied, "Yes, yes—Lord, I come to thee. Wash me anew: cleanse me anew. Give me patience to wait thy time, that I may glorify thee." Soon after,

"Here safety dwells, and peace divine."

"*It is all calm, and bright, and beautiful about the throne.*" Again: "I feel sure that the *throne stands firm*; that every thing around that is right, though it lays me low."

What heavenly consolations are the portion of the Christian! When tossed and troubled on every side, he may still look beyond his trials, and see every thing "calm, and bright, and beautiful about the *throne;*" and feel the assurance, that while "the throne stands firm," he has nothing to fear. Though all things else may be in commotion: though nation may dash against nation; though the earth should be removed from its place, and the heavens pass away, yet he can rest in peace, assured that the "throne stands firm;" still

he may "joy and rejoice in the God of his salvation." The following remark is an affecting instance of her confidence in the wisdom and rectitude of the divine administration. "Jesus," she said, "did not save himself, and come down from the cross. He could not do it. He possessed the power: but his purposes would not have been accomplished. He could ease my pains, if he saw best." She felt that God had important purposes to be accomplished by her pains, and the language of her heart was, "Not my will but thine be done." Again: "If my Father was not still at the helm, my ship would be lost in these dangerous seas." Fear not, Christian: your "Father is at the helm!"

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Though she expressed perfect confidence in God, yet she acknowledged her *entire dependence*, delighting to ascribe all to the grace of God. On one occasion, she said, "I have been praying for grace to endure

the trials of another day. I want much grace to bear my pains. I am afraid I shall sin against God, by not enduring them as I ought, and I fear *that* more than the *pangs of death.* I know that my poor, frail nature will offend, unless supported by his grace. I am a wretched, undone sinner, without his grace." Again: "What a blessing prayer is! Prayer calls down rich blessings. I feel that I need very much grace to bear my pains. I know that many Christian friends pray for me, but the help must come *right from the throne.* We cannot *struggle* in prayer, on a sick bed, as we can when we are well." Reader, have you ever known what it is to *struggle* in prayer?

Having spent a few minutes in silent devotion, on one occasion, she said, "I want to pray a great while, but I feel exhausted. I want to look to God for help. For two or three days, Satan tempted me strongly. When I thought of the promise, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee,' he tried to make me think there was

nothing in the promise; that I had called upon the Lord, and he did not help me. Several other sweet promises he tried to wrest from me in the same way; but the Lord did not suffer him to prevail." Again: "My heavenly Father does right. I cannot give that up. I hope I shall never be left to. I have no strength of my own." The wish having been expressed, that the Lord would give her a quiet night's rest, she replied, "I am dependent. I leave that with him. He has many times been better to me than my fears; but unless I get relief, I don't see a prospect of much sleep for me. It requires much grace to bear these long protracted pains, as I ought. I am afraid that I shall not have patience to bear them two weeks more, as I have two weeks past. But I ought not to say so. The Lord sustains me. Were he to leave me for a single hour, I should complain and dishonor him."

At another time the desire was expressed that she might sleep; when she replied, "I think I cannot sleep while my head is so

confused; but if the Lord has sleep for me, he can quiet my head. The Lord can support me. I feel that he is my only support. 'T is true, friends are very kind, and do every thing that friendship and love can do; but after all, it is the Lord that supports me." And again: "Were it not for the sustaining grace of God, I should be wretched indeed, in my present situation. What should we do, if God were to forsake us, as we forsake him; if he were changeable? The Christian never sinks so low, but that underneath him are the everlasting arms."

Satan is doubtless permitted to try the faith of the real Christian; but God will not suffer him to prevail. He may be allowed to present temptations; but when the Christian looks to Jesus for assistance, the adversary will surely be defeated. A few days previous to her death, she said, "I have just had a wicked thought,—the thought to destroy myself. I believe it was the suggestion of Satan; but the Lord did not allow me to yield to it a single moment. O, how much we are indebted

to the grace of God! If he were to leave me for half an hour, and the temptation should arise, I know I should comply if I had an opportunity."

Though she felt her entire dependence on God, yet she rejoiced in that dependence. The day before her death, her father asked her if she thought her time on earth was short. She replied, "I don't know; I am in God's hands." "You would not wish to be in other hands, would you?" "No, no, no," she replied, "O, no! I would not be in other hands! I shall be happy, if I may spend eternity in the service of such a Being." Speaking of heaven, she said, "If I ever arrive there, I must sing,

'O, to grace how great a debtor;'

for it is *all* grace; I am entirely unworthy."

GRATITUDE.

Though tossed with distress, yet she felt that she received many blessings, for which she ought to be grateful. Her language

was, "I am sometimes so distracted with pain, that I cannot fix my mind on any thing; but I ought to be thankful, that I can sometimes look away to the cross of Christ; that he bears me in his own arms above my pains. God is kind and merciful; though he afflict, yet he is merciful. Yes, he is a sun and a shield. Though I pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, he is a sun to light up the way; he is a shield to defend." When in very great pain, she said, "I ought to be thankful that I have no more pain. How many mercies I have, for which I ought to be thankful." And again, when lying comparatively quiet, "I ought to be very thankful that I am not so nervous as I was; that I can lie still, and think of heaven. True, I am in pain all the time, but I can think. It is a very great blessing."

Truly, the Christian has cause of gratitude for the privilege of thinking of God and heaven! Let us, while in health, when our minds are vigorous, employ them on this glorious theme. And if any, who

may read these remarks, are deferring the work of making their peace with God, till a dying hour, let them be entreated to listen to the voice which comes from this death-bed, and defer no longer. "I cannot fix my mind," said she, "on any thing. I was trying to think of prayer; but it produces an indescribable sensation to attempt to think of any thing. *I am sure, a sick bed must be a poor place to prepare for death!* What could I do now, without the Saviour's presence?" Dear reader, what will you do, at such an hour, "without the Saviour's presence?"

At another time, when in great pain, she said, "I ought to be thankful that I have my reason; that I have none of those nervous feelings. I have many mercies mingled in my cup." Again: addressing Mr. H., "One year has made a great change in our prospects. Well, 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' The veil that hides the events of coming years from our view, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy. We may learn a lesson from the

events of the past year, to 'do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do.' When we come to look back upon these trials, from the celestial hills, they will appear but light afflictions, enduring only for a moment; not to be remembered, or to be remembered only as they will excite gratitude to our Deliverer." Afflicted follower of the Lamb! Lift up your eyes to "the celestial hills," and know that the light afflictions which you suffer here, are working for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Will you repine, when your trials, "which are but for a moment," are designed to prepare you for an eternity of praise?

The ordinary blessings of life are too often overlooked even by Christians. We receive them so constantly, that we regard them as matters of course, forgetting that they are the continual expressions of God's unchanging goodness. When God sees best to take away any of these comforts, instead of praising him for those that remain, we often complain. Let any who

are inclined to do this, take the rebuke that comes from this sick-bed, and learn to bless God for the numberless mercies which he so liberally bestows. "I have heard," she said, "of a good old man thanking the Lord, at his meals, not only for food, but also for appetites to relish it. That is certainly very proper. It is a very great mercy, that I can take a little cream and water. How many mercies I have to be thankful for! The Lord appoints all my sickness; and I certainly do not wish to have my situation altered, if it is not the Lord's will. If I could enjoy all the world, I should be wretched, if I knew it were not the Lord's will."

For six or eight weeks, the only nourishment she could take was cream and water, and she could take but very little of that. On one occasion, some drink which she thought she should relish was brought to her, but not being able to take it, the remark was made, "There does not appear to be much enjoyment for you." She replied, "It is only the earthly springs that

are cut off." For several days she slept but little, and only a few minutes at a time. She frequently spoke of the blessing of being allowed to sleep even a few minutes. In answer to the inquiry, Did you have a comfortable night? she said, "It was a night of mercies. The Lord's name be praised." Again: "I slept a great deal last night." The remark was made, "I hope you feel grateful." "I hope I do," she replied. The goodness of the Lord was a theme, with which her heart seemed to overflow. The day before her death, she said, "I want to speak of the goodness of the Lord. My heart is full." To the remark, "You feel that the Lord is good, do you?" she replied, "The Lord is *good; that don't take hold of it;*" as though the language was far too feeble to express what she felt. In the morning of the same day, being asked, "How do you feel to-day?" she answered, "Rejoicing in the Lord, yet sorrowing in myself."

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CONSOLATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

There are seasons when all earthly comforts forsake us; when our bodies are tossed with distress; when our fairest prospects are blasted, and vanity appears to be written on every thing beneath the sun. At such times there is nothing, upon which the troubled, weary spirit can repose and find rest, except the consolations of the gospel. Here the thirsty soul may drink in "rivers of pleasures;" the weary may find rest; the wounded be healed; and, O, how sweet the cure, when Jesus pours the *oil* of his consolations into the wounded spirit! How heavenly the calm, when he speaks the word, "Peace, be still!" We have already seen how sweet was the peace which Miss Clark enjoyed in the midst of her severe sufferings. She had "respect unto the recompense of the reward." And laying hold of the promises by faith, she gained the victory. But she was not satisfied with enjoying the consolations of the gospel herself; she was also

anxious that others should be supported by them.

Speaking to one of her sisters, she said, "I hope you may never know the pains I feel." Her sister replied,

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"Yes," she said, "He can smooth the pillow of thorns, as I sometimes feel mine to be. I hope you will feel his presence on a bed of sickness."

She frequently endeavored to console her friends in view of the trial of a separation, with the prospect of a speedy reunion in heaven.

In a conversation, with a friend, upon this subject, she said, "*I* go *now*, but *you* will *soon* follow. It will be but a *short time*, before we shall sit down together in heavenly places." To the reply, "If, through the grace of God, I should ever be so happy as to arrive at heaven, I have no doubt that we shall meet there," she said, "Yes, through that grace, I expect to go to heav-

en; and I have no doubt that we shall meet there." Again: referring to the severity of her pains, she said, "I never knew what *trial* was before." She was told that Jesus would soon release her from her pains; that though the struggle of parting would be severe, yet we must rejoice to see her released from her pains, to go and be with the blessed Saviour. "Yes," she said, "I think you must rejoice. There we shall meet again, to part no more. Yes, we shall soon meet, never to part, to praise God for ever." On one occasion, having repeated the following passages of Scripture, "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not. I will cause them to go in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;"—she continued, "I think, if it should please the Lord to take me to himself soon, you must all rejoice." She was told, that we

would rejoice in the assurance that it would be her unspeakable gain; though we must deeply mourn our loss. "It sometimes seems," she said, "that it is too rich a blessing for me. I fear, that I am too impatient, that I long for death too much to release me from my pains."

Addressing a friend, who was with her, she said, "It seems to me that you look melancholy. Do you feel so? I don't wonder that you feel tried. I can imagine myself in your situation, and I know that it must be trying; but you feel supported by the thought that the Lord has done it, don't you? I know, that, if I had been called to lay you in the grave, as you may probably me, it would have been a great trial indeed. I can therefore sympathize with you in anticipation of your trial. But don't grieve when I am gone. The Saviour will be with you, and be your guide; and when you think of me, think of the *glorious employments* in which I shall be engaged." Why should we grieve for the departed, who "sleep in Jesus?" Christian, wipe

those tears away; and when you think of those who were dear to you on earth, O, think of "the glorious employments" in which they are engaged.

"All help seems to fail me," said she, "to-day," referring to her not being able to take cream and water. The remark was made: "There is a physician" (she probably understood the expression to be fountain) "that will never fail." "O yes," she replied, "there is a *full* fountain; *full fountain.* Our souls will never feel the thirst of earth again, when we taste of that fountain." Soon after: "I have one comfort, which is denied to very many, in pain and distress; to know the soothing nature of true sympathy. It alleviates my pains very much." "Yes," it was replied, "and you have also another support, which is denied to many, very many, at such a time; the consolation of the Saviour's presence." "The blessed Saviour!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "I do love to have you sit and talk with me about the blessed Saviour. O, what could we do

without the Saviour?" Reader: will you be satisfied without the Saviour's presence to support you in the hour of trial? Will you be satisfied without his presence *now*?

When much distressed by taking a little balm-tea, a person present said, "Poor girl!" "I should indeed be a *poor* girl," she said, "were it not for the Saviour's presence." The reply was made, "I ought rather to have said, '*happy* girl!' for it is certainly a happy situation, to have heaven so near in prospect." "Do you think I am near heaven?" she inquired. Being answered in the affirmative, "That is *joyful* intelligence," she replied, with an expression of heavenly joy beaming in her countenance, "I have tried to wait patiently for the will of the Lord. I have thought, sometimes, this afternoon, that the Saviour might be near me. O, if Jesus would say, Come,

'My soul would stretch her wings in haste.'"

Though the Christian may be called to pass through the furnace of affliction, yet the

gospel affords him the assurance that it is for his highest good. The richest consolations which this reflection can afford, were granted to Miss Clark. "This is a world of suffering," she said; "How much dross I have, to need so much refining. A world of sin and wo! Who would use it for a home?

'T is sweet to look beyond the veil.'"

Reader: will you make this "world of sin and wo" your home? O, look "beyond the veil."

On one occasion, having remained nearly insensible to every thing around her, for a short time, she said, "We sung a sweet tune about the angels praising the Lord," (referring to a hymn that had been sung some days before). "They don't sing in such strains as we do.

'No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.'"

Referring to the severity of her pains, she repeated the lines,

"They'll waft me sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea."

Speaking of her great and continual thirst, she said, "The waters I long for are flowing above; there none need thirst."

Her stomach craving food, which she could not take, the remark was made, "It is hard to be hungry and not be able to eat any thing." She replied, "I shall be where I shall hunger no more." After a short time, upon coming out of a violent paroxysm, she added, "There are no groans in heaven. There God shall wipe away all tears."

We here see a striking illustration of the Christian's privilege. While her body was racked with severe pain, her mind was calm and serene; yea, full of joy, in anticipation of heavenly blessedness. When suffering with thirst, she could look away to the "river of life," assured that all her thirst would there be assuaged. When distressed with hunger, she feasted in anticipation on "angels' food." Her chamber was emphatically, "the house of instruction," where those whose privilege it was to enter, were constantly receiving

lessons of heavenly wisdom. It was like standing in the very vestibule of heaven, where, assisted by her clearer vision, we could sometimes catch a glimpse of the glories of that bright world.

SORROW FOR PAST UNFAITHFULNESS.

Notwithstanding she manifested the full assurance of arriving at heaven, through the grace of God, yet she lamented that her life had been so unfruitful; that she had done so little for the Saviour. "Strange," she said, "that a *Christian* should ever grovel on the earth! What have I been doing for the blessed Saviour, since I thought he was precious to me! Strange, that I could have done so little for the blessed Saviour!" Again: "When I look back upon my past life, it appears like a perfect blank. It seems as though I had not done any thing for the dear Redeemer. But it gives me pleasure to think, that when I was teaching, I always made it one great object, to lead my pupils to the

Saviour. I hope some of them will follow me to heaven."

On one occasion, addressing her father, she said, "My dear father, I want you to do more for the precious Saviour. It is impossible to live up to the extent of our privileges. O, if I had my life to live over again"——"You think you would do more for the Saviour, do you not?" said her father. "I think I should *do* more and *pray* more," she replied. "O, I wonder what I have been doing all my life."

On one occasion, having been silent for a considerable time, she inquired, "How many heathen die every year?" Being told that there were probably more than twenty millions, "What have I done to save them!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion. She was told that God accepts the purpose; that she had designed to spend her life in efforts to save them. "But I have not done all that I could," she replied.

Is my dear reader making all the effort that he can to save the twenty millions of

heathen, that yearly go down to the gates of death! Will you not wish that you had done more, when you lie on your death-bed!

DESIRES TO INCITE OTHERS TO GREATER USEFULNESS.

She felt that Christians had much to do for the salvation of souls; that there was no time to be lost; she embraced the opportunity, when Christian friends were with her, to endeavor to stimulate them to more holy lives, and to more activity in the service of the Redeemer. To some, she said, "Do live for the Saviour. Do your duty now. Death may come as a thief in the night. You cannot do too much for the Saviour. You will feel it when you come to lie on such a bed. No, you cannot do half enough for him." And again: "Abide in me," says the Saviour, "so shall ye bring forth much fruit." "Abide in Christ," said she. "This is the reason Christians bear so little fruit; they wander so far from Christ."

Speaking of her two younger sisters, who were not present at the time, she said, "E. and C. have dwelt much on my mind of late. I have prayed much for them. Do be faithful to them. I think the Spirit has been striving with them; and now, I cannot but feel, that if this dispensation (meaning her death), together with the strivings of the Spirit, is not improved by them, they may be given up to hardness of heart. I cannot but hope, that my death will be sanctified to their life. They may do much good in the world, or much evil. I do want to have them engaged in the service of Christ. I cannot give up the thought that I shall meet them in heaven. I do want to meet all the family there. I feel as though I could die much happier, if I had evidence that they were reconciled to the Saviour. I do hope you will all pray more fervently for them, and be more faithful to them. Perhaps all that is wanting, is united, fervent prayer, on our part." What an incentive to faithful effort, and fervent prayer, for impenitent relatives!

The day before her death, she said, "I want to leave my dying charge to those who remain, to be faithful to God, and to souls, and to themselves." Speaking of an absent friend, she said, "I do want to have her come out, and take a decided stand for Christ. I do want to meet all our dear friends in heaven."

She manifested deep anxiety for the salvation of souls, and was grieved, that any should dishonor her Saviour, by withholding their affections from him. With a countenance expressive of the deepest anxiety, as though she felt that she was pleading in behalf of her Redeemer, with an immortal soul, she thus addressed an impenitent friend: "Will you pass on through life, without an interest in the Saviour? A Saviour so precious! who has died for you! Do cast yourself upon his care, without any reserve. He is ready to receive you. He is waiting to be gracious to you. Will you let this dispensation pass unimproved? Remember the words that I speak unto you, while I am yet

present with you; and remember them, after I am gone. Be careful to prepare for a dying hour." She sent her "dying love" to her former pupils, the members of her Sabbath school class, and to many of her friends at a distance, adding, "Tell them, I hope to meet them all in heaven."

CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

The cause to which she had devoted her life seemed to fill her mind as she approached the confines of eternity. "Shall Christ," she said, "the glory of heaven, be robbed of the heathen, because Christians will not obey the command of their Saviour? *Christians!* not an enemy." Mr. H. observed, "I am very glad, that the Lord put it into our hearts, to endeavor to obey the command, by resolving to go and spend our lives in efforts to bring the heathen to the Saviour." "I believe," she said, "that the Lord has accepted me, in my purpose. I thought I heard his voice, saying, 'This is the way, walk in it.' I think my resolv-

ing to go has excited an interest among some of my acquaintance. Several read the Herald, who did not before. I have ever felt great happiness in my resolution to go and spend my life among them."

Again: "This is the day that Christians pray for the heathen. Surely Christians do not feel the privilege of laboring to bring to Jesus his purchased possession. Well, the heathen shall be given to Jesus for a possession. This is the promise of the Father; and death, and hell and nothing—the promise *cannot* be broken. They will be given to Jesus. God will provide instruments [messengers], to send them the gospel. When I am talking of the heathen, I forget all my pains."

A few days before the monthly concert in April, she said she should like to send a message to the church, if it would be proper, but she was afraid it would appear like assuming too much to herself. Being told, that it would be perfectly proper, she said, "I wanted to tell the church, how the state of the heathen appeared on a dying bed,

and how our duty, in regard to them, appears when we come to view it in the light of eternity; if they would look on a dying bed with pleasure, to do *all* their duty now. We value the blessings of the gospel in life, but when we come to a sick and dying bed, we find them to be every thing. Then when we think of the millions of the heathen, that yearly pass into eternity, having no hope, and no Saviour, to cheer their dying hours, their situation, in that view of it, contrasted with ours, is enough to make one's heart bleed, and make us *feel*, that something must be done for their salvation.

"As I have thus viewed their situation, and seen how far short I have fallen of my own duty, I would most affectionately intreat you, as a dying sister, to pray more and labor more for their salvation. Realize that they are Jesus's purchased possession, and, therefore, as you love your Saviour, feel that he will be robbed of his glory, till they are brought in. Seek to maintain the monthly concert, and always feel that you

have an important errand there. The Lord appears to be waiting for his children to call down rich and lasting blessings upon the means he has in operation. May you, by your labors, and prayers, be the means of bringing many of the heathen to glory!"

After her father returned from the monthly concert, addressing him, she said, "Father, have you been at the monthly concert of prayer? Was it well attended? Did Christians pray with all their hearts for the conversion of the heathen? or were they thinking of every thing else? Christians don't feel what their precious privileges are. If they *felt* the worth of souls, as they ought, and *prayed* as they ought, every obstacle would be taken out of the way, and the chariot wheels of salvation would roll on, and the millennial day be ushered in. If they went to the monthly concert, feeling the burden of souls, they would return and labor for their salvation, and the world would soon be converted. The heathen would soon be given to Jesus as his purchased possession. O pray for

the poor heathen! You will not have the privilege of praying, and laboring for them long."

Her attachment to the cause of missions seemed to increase to the last, and it was a source of much happiness to her, that she had devoted herself to this work. But hear her own testimony. "One year ago, next Sabbath, was communion at Riverhead. It was a precious season to me. I felt that it would be a privilege to do any thing for the blessed Saviour among the heathen: and I have ever since felt happy in the prospect of spending my life among them, endeavoring to lead some of them to the Saviour; and even now, I find it draws hard upon me at times. I have always anticipated much happiness in spending my life among them, except for a time last fall, when my health was poor. Then I felt afraid that I should never be of any service to the cause. I have felt that the Lord had something for me to do in this work. I may yet be employed in some service for the heathen. We do not know

what the employments of the saints in heaven are; but we know that every desire will be filled."

She frequently alluded to the possibility, that she might yet be engaged in some service for the heathen, although not permitted to go and labor among them. The following conversation with Mr. H. is an interesting instance; exhibiting both the strength of her attachment to the cause, and her desire to impart consolation to him, in view of the trial of a separation. Speaking of the pleasure she had anticipated in laboring among the heathen, she said, "It is possible that I may do something for that cause yet, even though I should not live. We don't know what the particular employment of the spirits in heaven is." "No," replied Mr. H., "it is not impossible, if you should be taken away now, that you may be made a ministering spirit"—— "to you?" she anticipated, with a countenance beaming with delight. "Yes," he replied, "that is what I was thinking." She added, "One thing we know; that every

desire of the soul will be satisfied there." Then she continued, "O blessed Saviour; thou hast cut off my hopes of going to the heathen; but carry on thy purposes of mercy. Send by whom thou wilt send. Take my soul. Cleanse it pure in thine own blood, and prepare it to appear before thy throne. O, bless my dear friend. Support him in his affliction. May it make him more useful to the world, and to the heathen, and prepare him for a higher seat in thy kingdom." Then addressing Mr. H., she said, "I have prayed much for you, that you may be supported under your trial, and sanctified by it, and glorify God in it. I should feel very differently about leaving you, if I did not think the Saviour was yours. He will be with you, and support you. He has given me grace to give every thing up to him. I have given you up to him. We shall soon meet in heaven, and I trust, you will bring many of the poor heathen there with you; and if you should be permitted to bring some heathen souls with you, you will come up

with songs of joy." She was told, that some heathen souls might be given her; that God is a prayer hearing God. "O that I had prayed more for the heathen!" she exclaimed. "I have been thinking a great deal of the wretched condition of the heathen on a sick-bed, with no Saviour on whose arm they can lean."

She ever manifested strong confidence, that the Lord had directed her, and that he had accepted her in her desire to glorify him among the heathen. "I do believe," said she, "that he has accepted me in my purpose to serve him in this work, though he now sees fit to remove me. He has some wise end in view in removing me. I have no expectation of life. I think that the Lord's will is declared that I shall not go on a mission." After remaining silent for a few minutes, she prayed—"O Lord, pity the missionaries. Send down the Holy Spirit with power. Send down the Spirit with power upon all places where the gospel is preached among the heathen. Send down the Spirit, or all will be in vain.

The missionaries will labor in vain, and die in vain. May much be done this year for the heathen. Arise, O Lord, and plead thine own cause. Make bare thine own arm. Send light and salvation to the ends of the earth."

It might truly be said of her, that attachment to the cause of missions had become her "ruling passion." About two weeks previous to her death, while lying with her eyes closed, she said, "They sent them all away! Dreadful! They sent them all away! That was dreadful! I am sure the churches ought to *feel* it! Hear him (repeating part of a letter from one of the missionaries in Ceylon); "After my usual lessons with the readers in the schools yesterday, I gave each a portion of the Bible as a present. I told them the reasons,—exhorted them to read it, and not to enter into temptation,—to keep the Sabbath holy,—prayed with them, commending them to the Friend of little children, and then sent them away,—from me, from the Bible class, from the Sabbath school, from the house

of prayer—to feed on the mountains of heathenism, with the idols under the green trees; a prey to the roaring lion, to evil demons, and to a people more ignorant than they, even to their blind deluded and deluding guides; and when I looked after them as they went out, my heart failed me. O, what an offering to Swamy! five thousand children!" She then continued, "The Lord will turn and overturn, till Jesus reigns. Christians who are permitted to engage in this work, certainly enjoy a very great privilege." Does your conduct, Christian, evince that you feel it to be a "privilege" to use your efforts to widen the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom?

The following was, to those who were present, an affecting illustration of the state of her mind; showing that the cause of missions "lived" in her affections. For several weeks before her death, she was subject to a daily paroxysm, during which, she was frequently delirious. The first time that this was noticed she spoke with unusual strength of voice, "A solemn

thing." The remark was made, "It is a solemn thing to be in such a state." "Yes," she replied, "it is solemn! On the very confines of eternity! That was a good thought in you." Soon after, "I promised to furnish her with spinning, and knitting, but I can't. The doctor thinks I shall die, and I think so too. How long I shall live I don't know." She was asked if she wished to live. "I did wish to." "Why did you wish to!" "O I was going away off" (alluding to going on a mission). "O, dear! I can't tell you now, I'll tell you all about it some time." The question was then asked, "Do you wish to live now!" "Wish to live?" she repeated, with a countenance and tone of voice expressive of her surprise that such a question should be asked—"Wish to live? Is not the will of the Lord decreed?" "It undoubtedly is," was the reply. "That is all the will I have." The "will of the Lord" respecting her has been revealed. The Master has said unto her, "Thou didst well, that it was in thine heart." "Go thou thy

way till the end be;" and she has gone to enjoy her reward among the missionaries of the cross, who have been gathered to their rest.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

Death, instead of being a dreaded foe, was a welcome friend to Miss Clark. She triumphed over the last enemy, through Jesus Christ, who gave her the victory. When told that her physician considered her case dangerous, and being asked how the tidings affected her, she said, "It does not alarm me in the least. Death has no terrors. How can I fear to go, where Jesus leads the way? O, it will be sweet to go and be with Jesus! What a change,—to be made *like* Christ!" Again: speaking of dying, she exclaimed, with a look of transport,

> "O glorious hour! O blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God."

She was constantly favored with her Saviour's presence. Scarcely a cloud passed

over her mind, to intercept the rays of love that beamed from Jesus' face. I have been wondering at myself," she said. A great many express doubts and fears when in immediate prospect of death. I am naturally timid; but I have never had a single doubt or fear in prospect of death. It is the goodness of the Lord." Having requested one who was with her to read the latter part of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, when it was finished, she exclaimed, with great emphasis. "What an argument! What an argument! Because Jesus has taken away the *sting* of *death*, therefore Christians may go on and *labor*, and *labor*, and *labor*. I never thought so much of that before. Thanks be to God, who giveth *me* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The only sting of death is sin, and Jesus has extracted that." Again: "I had a sweet time last night. I thought I was dying; that I had got almost home. I was so happy! The Saviour was with me. O, it was a *sweet*, *sweet*, *sweet* time. I should have been happy to

go, but it was not the Lord's will; therefore I would wait." What a precious commentary on the Christian's legacy, as recorded by the apostle! "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or *death*, or things present, or things to come; *all* are yours." My dear friend, does the thought of *death* afford you such sweet peace? Can you say, with this departed saint,

"O, 'tis a glorious boon to die!"

She not only triumphed over every fear of death, but even hailed his approach with joy. "If it is the Lord's will," she said, "I should be happy to die to-day," (repeating) "if it is the Lord's will." Again: "I have a strong impression—I don't know that I have any reason for it—but I have a strong impression that this will be my dying day. How happy should I be, if it might! I love my friends, but I could do them no good by remaining with them, and I think they must rejoice to have me released from my sufferings, to be with the

blessed Saviour. Come, beloved Saviour, come, and say, the storms are all passed. Come, blessed Jesus, come;

'My soul would stretch her wings in haste.'

I have been laboring hard in toiling, and rowing, but the winds were contrary; yet I hope to arrive safe, for Jesus is at the helm." Being told that her weary pilgrimage was nearly finished, she said, "That is joyful intelligence. I should rejoice to go, if it is the will of God.

'O, that my soul had the wings of a dove,
Then would I fly to the regions above.'

O, for *patience*, *patience*, *patience*. Pray for me that I may have patience. What I most need now is patience to wait for my departure." Again: "You talked with me last night about being near heaven; have you any such cheering word for me to-night? Last night, I was on the *very top of Pisgah!* I thought I was near heaven. The Saviour seemed so near to me." The inquiry was made, whether he did not seem equally near then. "He seems

precious," she replied, "but I have more trials to-day. I thought I was dying this morning, and I feel disappointed."

Reader, are you living in a manner to be prepared to meet death thus? Would you not be disappointed, if you thought this were to be your dying day? Would you not be *alarmed?* Flee, then, O, flee to Jesus; for he has "extracted the sting of death."

ASSURANCE OF HOPE.

She *knew* in whom she had believed. While in health she had entrusted the keeping of her soul to her covenant keeping God, and with such a support, she had nothing to fear. We have her own testimony. "I think," she said, "the Saviour will go with me down the dark valley. *Christ is mine. He cannot fail me.* Death cannot frighten the soul, that has God for its portion. Jesus will at length receive me.

'He'll safe receive me to the port,
To my own peaceful home.'"

On one occasion, when it was thought she might be dying, she was asked if the Saviour seemed precious to her. "The blessed Saviour," she replied, with a countenance glowing with animation, "He will not leave me. I know he will not forsake me. I can trust him. He will not leave me now. He has brought me through six troubles, and surely he will not leave me in the trying hour." Again: "I have very much to be thankful for. The Saviour has been with me, and I feel that he will not leave me. He has supported me in many troubles, and surely he will not leave me in the hour of trial. I feel that I can confide in him. He will keep me. The everlasting arms are underneath me. The blessed Saviour is my only support. He is all my confidence."

About four weeks previous to her death, while her friends were standing around her bedside, weeping, supposing that she was dying, the first that was observed of her noticing any thing, she said, "Did I hear ——— crying?"—at the same time, throw-

ing her arms around the neck of her friend—"Don't weep for me! Christ is mine! He will bear me safe! I shall not sink! Why should you weep?" Then looking up, she said, "Dear friends, don't weep for me; but rejoice that I am going to be with my Saviour." Then casting her eyes to the other side of the bed, and seeing her father bathed in tears, reaching out her hand to him, she said, "Dear father, don't grieve for me." "No," he replied, "we rejoice for you, that you will be released from suffering, and made happy, but it is hard to part with you." "Do you think I am dying?" she inquired. She was told that she had revived very much. Soon after this, she became as quiet as usual.

HEAVEN.

Her mind appeared to dwell much upon heaven, as the abode of holy beings; as a place of perfect freedom from sin, where God unveils the glories of his face, and where all are engaged in acts of adoration

and praise. "I thought last night," she said, "of the hymn you sung,"—referring to the one commencing,

"Ye angels who stand round the throne."—

"Is there any evidence in the Bible, that the saints will stand nearer the throne, than the angels? I believe that sentiment is expressed in that hymn. You don't suppose, do you, that saints will surpass the bright cherubim and seraphim in glory?" She was told that the saints would occupy a different and more interesting relation to the Redeemer, as the purchase of his own blood. "O," she said, "how faint our views of the glories of heaven! How little we know of it, to what we shall when we arrive there? Do you not suppose that the saints and angels are always employed in the service and worship of God; in building up his kingdom, and praising him; and all praising the Redeemer?" She then spoke of the society of heaven, as composed of angels, the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and all the good of all ages.

At another time, speaking with her father about going to heaven, she said, "There I shall see my dear Saviour, and there I shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and martyrs, and the dear missionaries. Yes, and there I shall see my dear mother."

Every thing around her seemed to direct her thoughts to heaven; or, if her mind was diverted for the moment to the things of earth, it was soon recalled to this favorite theme. A robin was perched near her window, one morning, soon after that bird makes its appearance in the spring. Her attention being attracted by its notes, she inquired, "Are not the birds singing?" She was told that it was a robin. "O, how sweetly it sings," she said, "praising its Creator, in its own way. I used to love to hear the robins sing in the spring, and it sounds cheerful now." She then repeated the lines commencing,

"Lovely is the face of nature."

Having finished them, she spoke, with

much apparent delight, of the happiness she formerly enjoyed in the spring, and then checked herself by saying, "Well, well,

> 'Loose thee away from earth;
> Weigh anchor, and explore a happier clime.'"

Having taken a swallow of water, she said, it did not taste good. The remark was made, "It does not taste as the waters of the pure river of life will." "No," she replied, "The Lamb shall lead them to living (repeating in a faint whisper), shall lead them to living fountains. We can't realize what blessings are in reserve for those who love God."

The following affords a striking illustration of the vanity of this world, contrasted with the Christian's hopes of heaven. Having made the remark, "Jesus Christ, precious corner-stone;" moving her hand round several times in a circular manner, she said, "*This is this world.*" "O, what it will be to exchange earth for heaven! How sweet it will be to sit together, and

sing on mount Zion above." It was observed, "It will be sweet, indeed, to sing the song of redeeming love." "I thought," she said, "that I should have been singing that song before this time; but the Lord has more suffering or something, for me yet." She was told, that it was not impossible that the Lord had much for her to do on earth yet. "Of service?" she inquired. Being answered, yes, she said, "The Lord knows that is all I desire to live for." In a paroxysm, she said, "There they sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb.' I am sure that will be an everlasting song to me. If I ever strike one note of that song, it will be everlasting." Soon after, "I want to sing." "What do you wish to sing?" "I want to learn that song." "What song? 'Worthy is the Lamb?'" "Yes; 'Worthy is the Lamb.'" "Do you feel him to be worthy?" "*Feel* him to be worthy! He is *all worthy*."

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

With such views as she entertained of heaven, as a place of holiness and of eternal blessedness, it is not surprising that she should have had ardent desires to enjoy its holy rest. "To-morrow," she remarked (a few weeks before her death), "will be the Sabbath. How sweet it would be, to begin the Sabbath, where Sabbaths never end. There will be no sin, nor pain, nor sorrow there; but God will wipe away all tears from all eyes." Again: "O, this poor, restless body! Well, I shall soon throw off the shackle; the mind will then be free, and Jesus will make it free from sin. How sweet heaven will be: well may hopes so divine support us amid our pains and trials."

She desired heaven, not only as a place of freedom from pain, but also from sin. "O, what it will be," she said, "to be free from sin! perfectly pure! No pride will ever come up in heaven, nor sin of any

kind. Jesus shall there be crowned, Lord of all. There I shall see him, and never, never sin! There they sweetly sing of the love of Jesus.

'Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?'"

Having repeated the line, she said,

"I seek after rest but I find it not here."

The remark was made, "There is a glorious rest prepared above." "Yes, yes," she said, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake in thy likeness." Then, as if a beam of light from heaven had flashed upon her mind, she exclaimed, with great emphasis, and with a glowing countenance, as though she had caught a view of that glorious likeness. "*O, what that is! O, what that is! What a blessing! What a blessing!* ME, POOR SINNER, *awake with Christ's likeness! Never to sin again! Awake with Christ's likeness!* There we shall meet, and sing for evermore. There will be no tuneless voice in heaven."

She longed not only to be free from pain and sin, but to be "present with the Lord." Her language was, "Come, blessed Jesus, come. I would hail the keenest pang of death, if it would but bring me to my God. When will he come, and say, it is enough. O, my heavenly Father, suffer me not to repine. On the contrary, I have much to be grateful for, if thou art taking me home to thyself, though the passage be a rough one. Jesus will at length receive me.

'Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past.'"

Being told that she could probably live but a short time, she said, "If it is the Lord's will, that is joyful news. I should rejoice to go and be with him, where I shall be free from sin, and where my mind will expand more and more, till I can comprehend more at one thought, than I can now in a week. O, I should be glad to go and be with the Saviour.

'Precious Saviour, precious Saviour,
Own me on that day for thine.'"

When much exhausted with pain, she

repeated the first line of the hymn, commencing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and then asked, "Is that among the Village Hymns?" Being told that it was, she said she should like to have it read, when she should feel a little stronger. A short time after, she repeated the two following lines of the same hymn,

"Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,"

and then requested to have the hymn read, adding, "I know it all, but my mind is too weak to follow it through." When it was finished, she said, "Sweet, sweet hymn! It expresses just my feelings. It was made for such an hour as this."

She often expressed the strong desire, "to depart, and be with Christ." She felt that the bliss of heaven would consist in being "for ever with the Lord," where every sinful feeling would be subdued, and when she would be "transformed into the glorious likeness" of her divine Redeemer.

VIEWS OF THE SAVIOUR, AND THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

We have seen, from what has been introduced already, that Miss Clark's hopes of heaven were founded entirely upon the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. She often said, "Jesus is all: he is every thing to me." Speaking to one of her sisters, a few days before her death, she said, "I want to have you talk to me about the Saviour. My mind is so weak, I cannot think of any thing. I want to abide in him. He is the prop of heaven to poor sinners." Again: "Jesus! Every thing, to the sinner, hangs on that name. God would be glorious; angels would be glorious; heaven would be glorious, if sinners should all perish. But to the sinner, Jesus is *all.* Every thing depends on him." Again: "I slept but little last night, but I had some new views of heaven, more glorious. I thought it was as much as my poor, weak frame could bear. I felt that I could have no enjoyment there, without

a *divine* Saviour; that I needed a Saviour ALL DIVINE. I could not help thinking, what can the moralist do there?"—O, what are they doing, who are endeavoring to take away this "prop of heaven" from "poor sinners?" Surely, "they know not what they do."

Ten days before her death, while speaking of her prospects being cut off, the remark was made, "that they were cut off, only to give place to still brighter ones." "O, yes," she said, "I shall be with my Saviour; free from sin; made *perfect in Christ.* It is in Christ that we are made perfect. There is much in that,—made perfect in Christ. I feel that it will be in Christ, that I shall be freed from sin, and made perfect, if through infinite grace, I am ever so happy as to be received into that bright world." Again: "Jesus Christ is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' He is the way *to* heaven, and the truth and the life of heaven." When sinking under the severity of her pains, she often said, "JESUS IS PRECIOUS! JESUS IS PRECIOUS!"

On one occasion, between two and three weeks previous to her death, while in very great distress, she said, "'These are they that have come out of great tribulation'—not because of their tribulation, but because 'they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' *therefore* do they stand before the throne." The 3d chapter of 1st John having been read, she remarked, "That is a favorite chapter with me. Every word of it seems more precious than gold."

She seemed to derive great consolation from the thought, that she was made like her Saviour, even in suffering. "I have been thinking of crucifixion," she said, a few days before her death; "is it not of inflammation and thirst that they die?" She was told that inflammation and thirst constitute a great part of the suffering. "Well," she said, "in that respect I am like my Saviour." Again, when suffering from thirst, she said, "The Saviour thirsted on the cross, and all the drink he had was vinegar mingled with gall. Why

should we complain while suffering the just penalty of our sins, since the spotless Lamb of God suffered so much more for us?"

The plan of salvation, through a crucified Saviour, was a theme upon which she loved to meditate. "I have been contemplating the plan of salvation," she said. "What a perfect plan! just suited to our wants. It exalts God on the throne; and brings the sinner down to his own proper place in the dust."

It has been already stated, that she had a "paroxysm" daily, for several weeks previous to her death, and that during these paroxysms she was frequently delirious. The following remarks, made while in this state, afford an illustration of the general tenor of her thoughts, and also of the precision of her views in reference to the great "plan of salvation." Soon after the commencement of one of these delirious turns, she spoke in a much louder tone of voice, than usual, "Alleluia: What is the meaning of that word?" "Praise the Lord," was the reply. "I was thinking

so," she said. "Is there not something said in the Bible, about the wicked singing 'Alleluia,' while the smoke of their torment ascends for ever and ever?" As she finished the expression, her whole frame was agitated, through the power of her emotions, as though she had received an electric shock. The reply was made, that the wicked will not sing Alleluia. "But I am sure," said she, "that there is something said about the wicked as they would acknowledge that the Lord is righteous." "Yes," it was replied, "they may sing, Just and right art thou, O Lord God." "Well," she said, "the righteous will sing it at all events." The remark was made, "that will be a sweet song for the righteous." "The *saved*," she replied (seeming to correct the use of the term righteous as applied to the saints), "righteous, because Christ is righteous. How complete the plan of salvation through the righteousness of Jesus Christ!"

A short time before her death, when she could scarcely speak audibly, in answer to

the question, "Does the Saviour appear precious now?"—she replied, "*Precious—A tried stone—A sure foundation stone.*" These were nearly her last words that could be understood. At half past two in the morning of Wednesday, April 10th, 1839, she fell asleep in Jesus.

On the following Sabbath, an appropriate sermon was preached upon the occasion, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, her pastor, from 2 Chron. 6: 8. "But the Lord said to David, my father, forasmuch as it was in thy heart to build a house to my name, thou didst well in that it was in thy heart; Notwithstanding, thou shall not build the house."

We will close this brief sketch, with a short extract from the concluding remarks of this sermon.

"As this, our beloved sister, was preparing to embark in the blessed enterprise of publishing salvation to the heathen, and we were hoping that it might serve to awaken and increase with us the missionary spirit, the great Master interposed, and

said to her, 'Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' 'Thou didst well that it was in thy heart, notwithstanding thou shalt not engage in the work.' And *why*, dear friends, is it so? Does the Saviour design, in this, to reprove and admonish us? Does he see that by our coldness and want of zeal, we have *forfeited* the honor, the *privilege*, of thus building the house? Surely, my brethren, it calls for serious inquiry. Let us lay it suitably to heart, and feel that our exertions must be increased. Yes, our support, our influence, our prayers, must all be increased, or we may expect some heavier frown from Christ upon us. Let every Christian consider himself bound by the law of love, of gratitude, to make greater exertions in the missionary cause; a cause involving the glory of God, and the eternal happiness of millions.

"The providence, on which we now meditate, is addressed to teachers, and pupils of the Bible class and Sabbath

school; and its language to each one, thus engaged, is, 'Do with thy might, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do.' The departed had, from her earliest days, been a member of the Sabbath school, and we doubt not its instructions were greatly instrumental in her early and hopeful conversion, her enlightened, consistent and steadfast piety. And when called to take charge of a class, it was regarded by her as a most solemn, responsible, though delightful trust. She prepared herself for the duties incumbent on her, and did not, as is too often the case, suffer the recitations to become a mere formal, uninteresting service. And it is deserving of very special notice, that of the class of young ladies assigned to her, last season, no less than three, together with herself, have entered eternity; all of them hopefully pious, and dying in the triumphs of faith. It is a striking providence, that those beloved youth, in the very bloom of health and life, who were, in the counsels of God, to be so soon removed from time, were brought together

in one class, and permitted to receive the instructions and counsels of their beloved teacher, who was so soon to follow them to the scenes of eternity. O, may the messages which, from her dying bed, she addressed to the surviving members of the class, be duly regarded by them, and result in their immediate surrender to God.

"And let each teacher, let each scholar, be impressed with the fact, that ere another season return, they too may cease from their labors, and repose beside their departed associates. 'This I say, the time is short;' it is uncertain. May this solemn providence excite us all to follow the example of our departed friend, as far as she followed Christ, and to live as she evidently lived, for the glory of God.

"To every person in this community, but especially to every young person, God addresses a solemn warning. Has eternity, dear young friends, been deeply impressed on your minds? Have you solemnly felt that eternal life or eternal death is before you, and that your final Judge will short-

ly say to *you*, 'Come ye blessed, or depart ye cursed?' 'O,' said the dying saint of whom we have spoken, 'make your preparation for death *now*, while you have health and strength. Do not put it off to a dying hour! What should I do now, without an interest in Christ?' Solemn and impressive question! Young people, *what will you do*, in your last moments, if you have not an interest in Christ? Will the world comfort you? will it soothe your consciences, or make your peace with God? Let the testimony of your departed friend on this subject, have its due weight on your minds. Be directed by her advice, and live above the world. 'PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.'"